The Tenderfoot

LYRICS BY RICHARD CARLE

A MUSICAL PLAY IN THREE ACTS

MUSIC BY ELDON HEAVNER

F. WITMARK & SONS

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A MUSICAL PLAY
IN THREE ACTS

LYRICS BY

RICHARD CARLE

MUSIC BY

H. L. HEARTZ.

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THE TENDERFOOT

A Music-Play in Three Acts.

Book and Lyricsby
RICHARD CARLE.

Music by
H. L. HEARTZ.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Prof. Zachary Pettibone, L.L.D., B.A.		RICHARD CARLE.
Col. Paul Winthrop	Texas Rangers.	EDMUND STANLEY.
Sergt. Bill Barker		GILBERT GREGORY.
Capt. O'Reilly.		D. J. MOYLES.
Capt. Vincent.		FRANK RANDALL
Capt. Todd.		ABBOTT ADAMS.
Honest John Martin, gambler.		GEORGE ROMAIN.
Hop Lee, servant		WILLIAM ROCK.
Reckless Reddy, cowboy.		H. S. AUSTIN.
Big Bluff, chief.		WILLIAM RUSSELL.
White Pill, medicine man		EDWARD BECK.
Abe Splicer, parson.		MEVILLE BALDWIN.
Marion Worthington, heiress		MAY DE SOUSA.
Sally, maid.		EDNA HUNTER.
Flora Jane Fibby, authoress.		VIRA RIAL.
Patsy, waif.		ETHEL JOHNSON.
Miss Amsterdam.	Gibson Girls	ROSE LESLIE.
Miss Manhattan.		MYRA DAVIS.
Miss Knickerbocker.		ALBERTA HAYS.
Miss Gotham.		KITTY YOUNG.
Miss Narragansett		MARGARET Mc BRIDE.
Miss Newport.		KATHLEEN FLORENCE.
Miss Asbury.		LOUISE TOZIER.
Miss Niagara.		LOTTA MAYDOC.

Cowboys, Cowgirls, Mexicans, Mexicans Girls, Texas Rangers,
Bridesmaids and Soldiers.

SYNOPSIS:

ACT I — Courtyard of the house on Marion Worthington's ranch.
ACT II — Interior of the ranch barn.
ACT III — An Indian camping ground.

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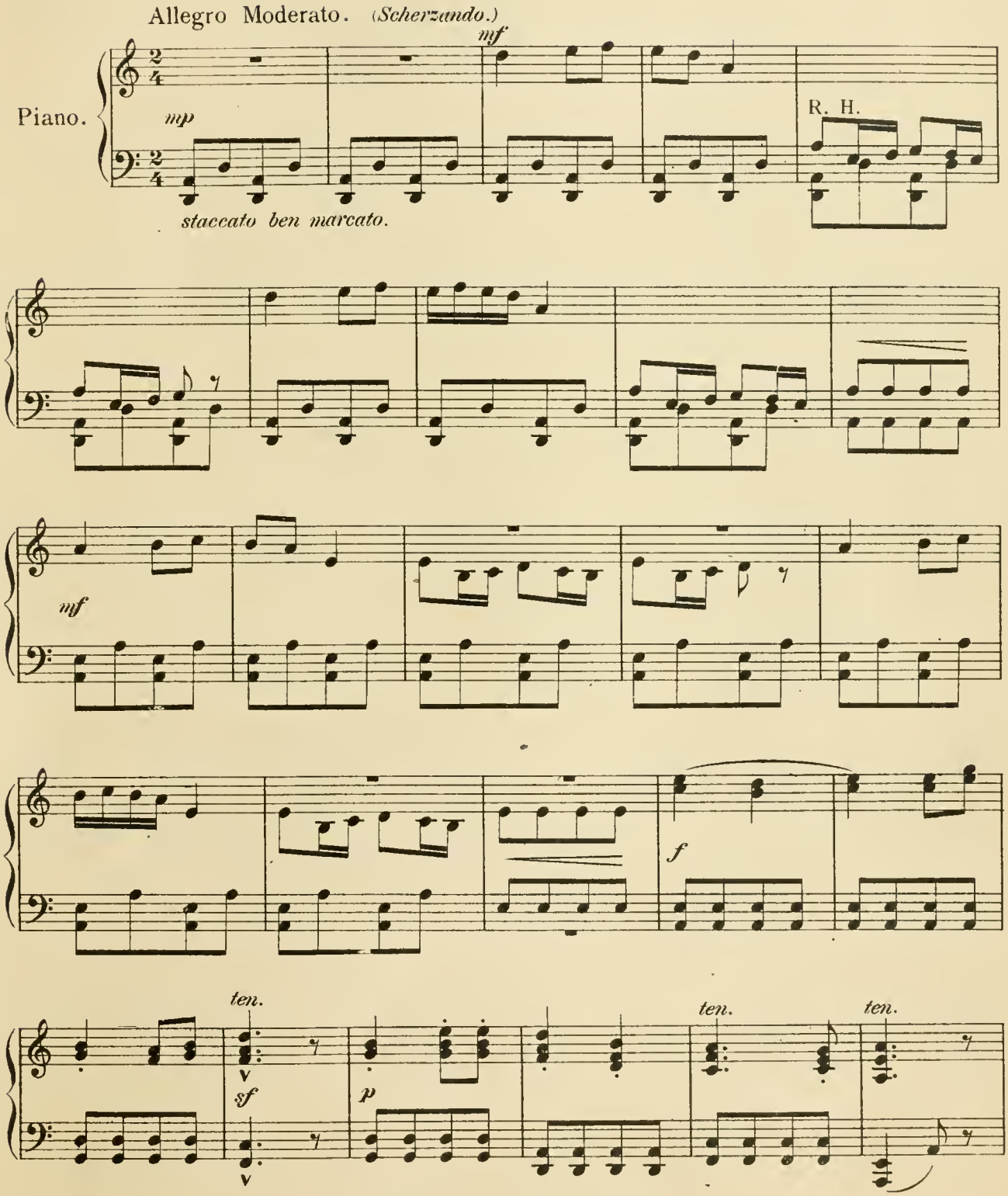
№ 1.

Washing Song.

Hop Lee.

Lyric by
RICHARD CARLE.

Music by
H. L. HEARTZ.



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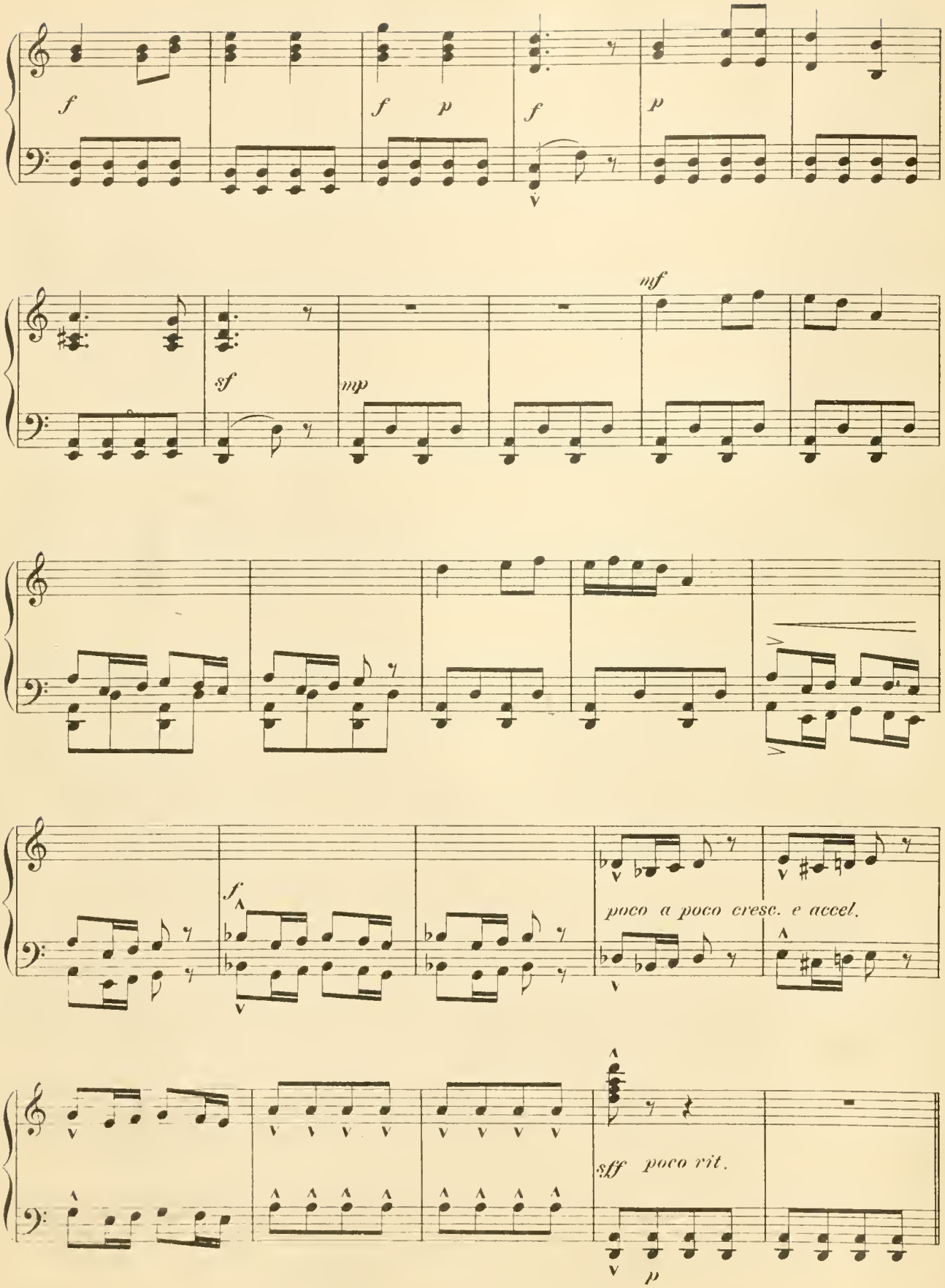

f
f
p
f
p
sf
mp
mf
f
poco a poco cresc. e accel.
sff
poco rit.
p

HOP LEE.

f Andante.

Ti ong lay tsing tli o ti ong lay ki ong ghi

p

tsing-o a ki-a ong ghi tsing-o a Tong tsu-la tsu-la mi

Tse i la o la ti Tse i la o la ti

Ong ti la o tsu-la tsu-la tsing a long a

poco a poco cresc.

long a Ti ong lay a tsing a long a

poco a poco cresc.

ff

tsing a long a ki - yi - yi - yi - yi! o tsa ah ki - yi - yi - yi -

f

poco a poco cresc.

yi! o tsa ah Tong gli tong gli tong gli tong gli Tsing!

poco a poco cresc.

ff

sff Sung.

Tsong! Tsing! Tsong! Ki!

sff

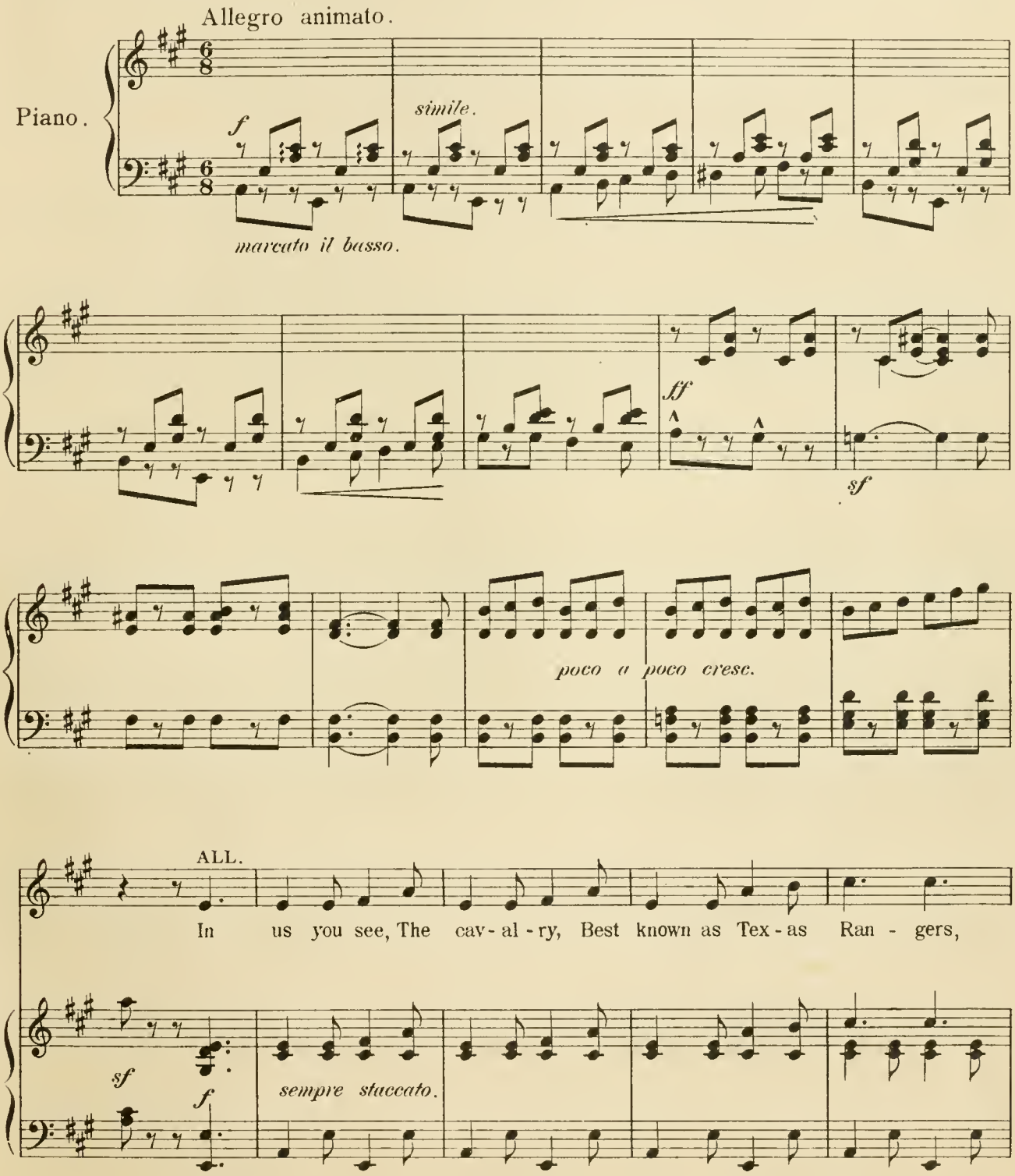
Texas Rangers.

No 2.

Male Chorus.

Lyric by
RICHARD CARLE.

Music by
H. L. HEARTZ.



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Rough and read - y, fight-ing lads are we; When we are near No

one need fear The wick-ed-est of dan - gers, Tough and stead - y,

pluck-y as can be. The foe in fright All take to flight As soon as we con -

OFFICERS.

front them, Not sat - is - fied with that, they hide while reck-less-ly we hunt them. But

ff *f*

SOLDIERS. OFFICERS.

when the cam-paign's o - ver, When the fight - ing's done, Each ran-ger is in

ff *f*

SOLDIERS. OFFICERS.

clo - ver, Then he's out for fun. The girls all try to cap-ture us, but

ff *f*

ALL.

we are not a - fraid: From gleam-ing eyes or steel we nev-er run; For we're

cresc.

he - roes brave and bold With hearts as pure as gold, No

ff

red - skin foe can ev - en vex us; A

scrap is what we rev - el in And raise the ver - y dev - il in, We're

sand - y hand - y lads from Tex - as. For we're

2 TENORS.

Tex - - as. from good old Tex - as.

BASSES.

molto rall.

fff

ff

№ 3. Marriage Is A Lottery.

Lyric by
RICHARD CARLE.

Duett - Flora and John.

Music by
H. L. HEARTZ.

Tempo di Schottische.

Piano.

JOHN.

Won't you take a chance, dear, and be mine? If yer do, I'll bet yer won't re - gret it.
What's the use of be - in' so per - verse? Ain't I got the shape and mug ter suit yer?

FLORA.

Tak - ing chanc - es is - n't in my line So I rec - om-mend that you for - get it.
There's no doubt I real - ly might do worse But I wish to trust it to the fu - ture.

JOHN.

Come, be game, Take Floss, I'm on Yer

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on this par - ty's name, A bet - ter one you'll nev - er find, that's
think that I'm a con And that is why yer giv - in' me the

FLORA.

sar - tin. No sir - ee, You don't ap - peal to me And
"hi - lo" No, but Fate De - crees that I must wait And

JOHN.

neith - er does the ug - ly name of Mar - tin. Well, what dif - frence does that
well you know that he knows more than I know. Well, what dif - frence does that

FLORA.

make? Will yer have me? Not I!
make? Won't yer weak - en? Nay, nay!

Refrain.

JOHN. Tempo di Gavotte.

Life is but a game of chance The cards are dealt and we can on - ly

f

play them. Fate wills the un - i - verse to dance What -

ev - er its com-mands we must o - bey them Luck rules thro'-

out the world to - day Its in - flu - ence is felt by you and

me; But of all life's gambles it is safe to say That

mar - riage is the great - est lot - ter - y!

D. C.

sf

D. C.

Dance.

L. H.

L. H.

p

poco a

poco cresc.

f

sf

No 4. I'm A Gay Lothario.

Barker and Soldiers.

Lyric by
RICHARD CARLE.

Music by
H. L. HEARTZ.

Allegro.

Piano.

ff *sf*

f BARKER.

Who's the fore-most man in bat-tle? Who's the brav-est in the throng?
Who is where the shells are thick-est? Who fights on tho' black with soot?

p sempre staccato.

ff SOLDIERS.

Who de-lights when bul-lets rat-tle? Ser-geant Bar-ker, brave and strong!
Who can get a-way the quick-est? Ser-geant Bar-ker, fleet of foot!

f

BARKER. Moderato. *poco rit.* *a tempo.*

Who's a win-ner with the la-dies? Who can charm the dears at sight?
Who pos-sess-es nerve gi-gan-tic? Who fills hus-bands with a-larm?

p *poco rit.* *a tempo.*

melodia legato e marcato.

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Andante.

SOLDIERS.

poco rit.

Who for them would go through Ha - des? Ser - geant Bar - ker, gal - lant knight!
Who's long suit is the ro - man - tic? Ser - geant Bar - ker, man of charm!

poco a poco cresc. e poco rit. *f*

Allegro.

BARKER.

Foes of mine will take no chanc-es, Hur - ried - ly they dis - ap - pear,
Fe - male hearts I fill with rap - ture, Gid - dy blonde or prim bru - nette,

pp *p*

Moderato.

But when la - dies meet my glanc - es 'Round me ev - 'ry
All of them with ease I cap - ture I am such a

cresc. *mf*

SOLDIERS. BARKER.

rit.

one draws near. 'Round this Ro - me - o draw near! For I'm a
sad co - quette. He is such a sad co - quette!

f *rit.*

il basso marcato.

Refrain.
Allegro.

gay - ay - ay Lo - tha - ri - o - o - o! The

hand - som-est and most gal - lant of beaux, And the

girls all lose their hearts To the fas - ci - na - ting arts Of this

gay - ay - ay Lo - tha - ri - o - o - o. For I'm a

ff ALL.

he's

ff

gay - ay - ay Lo - tha - ri - o - o - o! The

hand - som-est and most gal-lant of beaux, And the

girls all lose their hearts To the fas - ci - na - ting arts Of this

poco a poco cresc.

gay - ay - ay Lo - tha - ri - o - o - o!

sf *sff*

I'm A Peaceable Party.

No. 5.

Professor and Girls.

Lyric by
RICHARD CARLE.

Music by
H. L. HEARTZ.

Moderato.

Piano.

PROF.

From far Ver - mont I took a jaunt As per - son - al con - duct - or, My girls a - gree They find in me. A lov - a - ble in - struct - or; They loud - ly praise My

A great M. D. Ex - am - ined me 'Way back in eight - een eight - y, With eyes a - strain He vowed my brain Ex - cep - tion - al - ly weight - y; When quar - rels brew And

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gen - tle ways And will - ing - ly o - bey me, I
air is blue With un - re - fined sug - ges - tions, I'm

mf

strive to please And earn the fees Their wealth-y pa - rents pay me.
called in straight To ar - bi - trate And set - tle all such ques - tions.

dim.

GIRLS.

cresc. poco a poco e rit.

So good and kind Like-wise re - fined am I Pro - fess-or Pet - ti - bone.
So cool and calm So full of charm am I Pro - fess-or Pet - ti - bone.

cresc. poco a poco e rit.

Tempo di Valse.

PROF.

I'm a peace-a - ble par - - ty! Health and ap - pe - tite

p

heart - y! Cho-sen by broth-ers And vo-ted by moth-ers An ex-cel-lent

chap - er - one; Harm-less as a mos-qui - to!

cresc. *mf*

Gid - dy do-ings I ve - to! Mod-el of dig-ni-ty, Soul of be-

nig-ni-ty, Zach-a-ry Pet - ti - bone. bone.

1 2

sf

No. 6.

Lyric by
RICHARD CARLE.

Entrance.

Marion and Chorus.

Music by
H. L. HEARTZ.

Allegro animato.

Piano.

mf

f SALLY.

List to the sound of clat-ter-ing hoofs As o-ver the prai-rie they're driv-ing! List to the crack-ing and snap-ping of whips, Miss Worth-ing-ton now is ar-riv-ing!

Meno mosso.

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Allegro.

BARKER.

It is the haugh - ty lit - tle dame Who was so in - dis - creet, We'll

p

OFFICERS.

make her bow her head in shame And bring her to our feet. It

cresc.

is the haugh - ty lit - tle dame Who was so in - dis - creet, We'll

cresc.

ff

make her bow her head in shame And bring her to our feet.

f *sf*

Entrance:-Mexican Girls and Boys.

Allegro moderato.

ff *sf* *f*

Dance.

sf

GIRLS. *ff* BOYS.

Spark-ling eyes, Large in size, Has the

sf

GIRLS.

beau - ti - ful Mex - i - can girl. Ros - y lips,

Curv - ing hips, BOYS. Set - ting some fel - lows' brain in a

whirl. GIRLS. Tin - y feet, An - kle neat,

BOYS. Al - to - geth - er de - light - ful to know. ALL. Bright, at - tract - ive,

Light and act - ive maid - en from Mex - i - co.

sf *sf* *sff*

Entrance:- Cow Girls.

Molto Allegro.

mf *cresc.*

f *cresc.*

ff unis.

Our host-ess dear is fu - ri - ous; Of that there's not a doubt, And

ff

mf

we are more than cu - ri - ous To learn what it's a - bout; Her

mf

tem - per once so ev - en Is at pre - sent rath - er warm, On the

poco a poco cresc.

slight-est prov - o - ca - tion she bursts out in - to a storm, So pre -

poco a poco cresc.

f

pare to meet these tem - pests With - out faint - est trace of fear And

f

molto ritard. e cresc.

greet the an - gry la - dy with a smile, for she is here.

molto ritard. e cresc.

sf

Entrance of Marion.

Presto.

ff

MARION.

Moderato.

mf

The mas - quer - ade ball at the

poco a poco cresc.

sff

mp

Cav - al - ry Post, In cos - tume, last night I at - tend - ed ____ But I

soon left the ball - room as pale as a ghost, For while

mf

there I was gross-ly of - fend-ed. A sol - dier in un - i - form

Agitato.

Agitato.

sf *marcato.* *p*

begged for a dance, I smiled 'neath my mask and con -

Meno mosso.

Meno mosso.

sent-ed, We glid - ed a - way in a mild sort of trance, But a -

Tempo di Valse.

Tempo di Valse.

Agitato.

Agitato.

accel. e poco a poco cresc.

mf

sf *mf*

mp accel. e poco a poco cresc.

las, how I quick-ly re - pent-ed, For crazed by the wine, to my

f

ut - ter dis - may, He tore the mask from my face And

f

marcato e cresc.

shout-ed a - loud in a bois - ter-ous way: "Great heav-ens, what beau-ty, what

marcato e cresc.

ff

grace!" And be - fore I re - cov - ered suf - fi - cient-ly well To

ff

molto marcato e agitato.

real - ize what was a - miss, The ruf - fian, oh, hor - ror! I

molto marcato e agitato.

shud - der to tell, On my lips had im - print - ed a

ff ALL. MARION. *molto ritard. e calmato.*

kiss. A kiss. On my lips had im - print - ed a kiss.

molto ritard. e calmato.

Tempo di Valse.

p

On - ly a kiss, On - ly a kiss And still when I think of it

Tempo di Valse.

pp

poco a poco cresc.

now, It fills me with rage And war I will wage On the

poco a poco cresc.

f *mf*

scoun-drel who gave it, I vow. Though years may roll on, And

p *pp*

care shall have gone, I'll ne'er have a mo - ment of bliss

poco a poco cresc.

poco a poco cresc.

f *mf*

'Till I've set - tled the score With that ruf - fian - ly bore, Tho' the

f *mp*

dim. e molto rit. *a tempo.* *f*

in - sult was on - ly a kiss. Yes, a

SOPRANI. CHORUS. *p*

On - ly a kiss,

ALTI. *p*

a tempo.

dim. e molto rit.

poco

kiss! A kiss! On - ly a kiss! It

poco

on - ly a kiss And still when I think of it now, It

poco

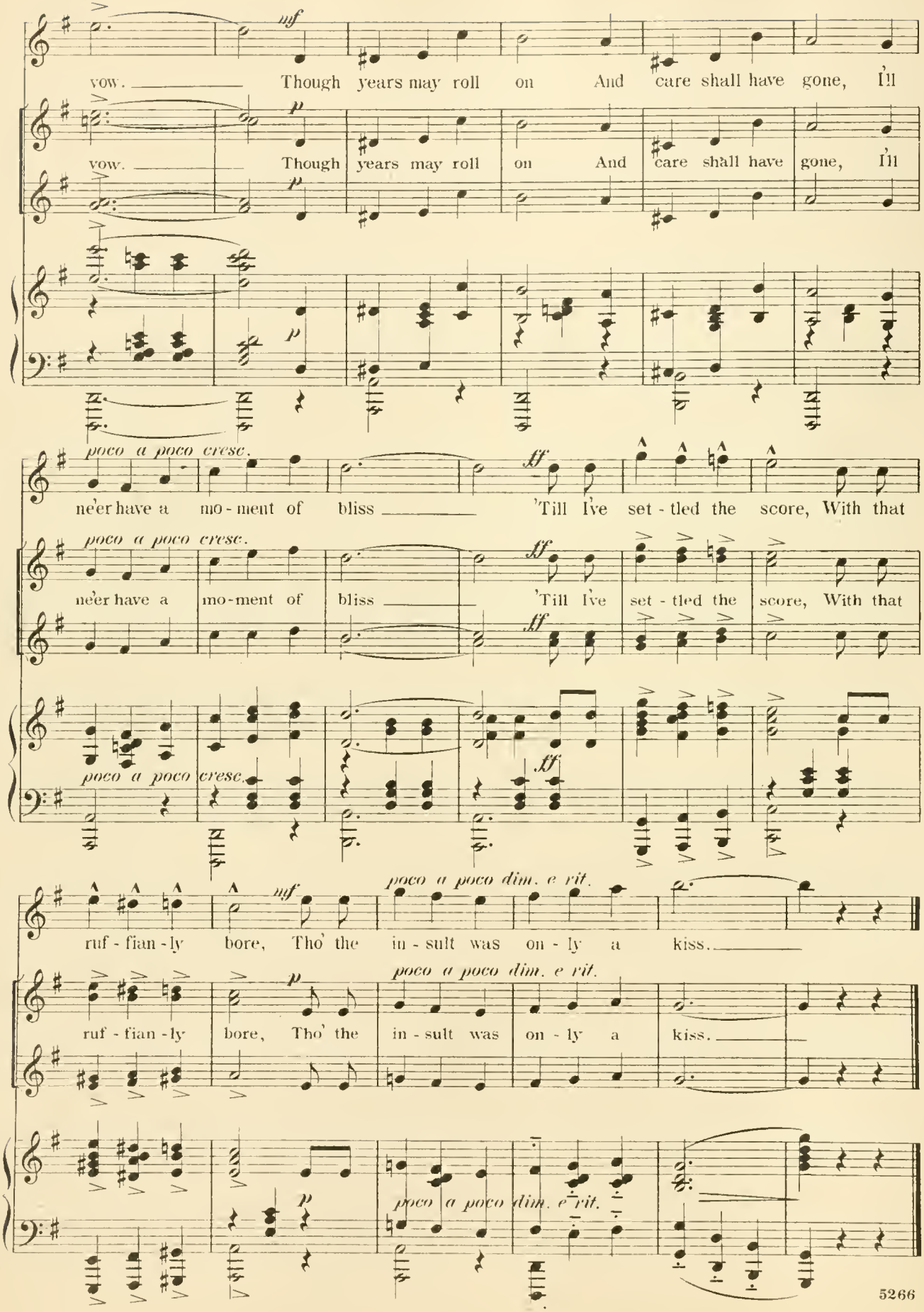
a poco cresc. *ff*

fills me with rage And war I will wage On the scoun-drel who gave it, I

a poco cresc. *ff*

fills me with rage And war I will wage On the scoun-drel who gave it, I

a poco cresc. *ff*


mf
vow. Though years may roll on And care shall have gone, I'll
p
vow. Though years may roll on And care shall have gone, I'll
p
poco a poco cresc.
ff
ne'er have a mo - ment of bliss 'Till I've set - tled the score, With that
poco a poco cresc.
ff
ne'er have a mo - ment of bliss 'Till I've set - tled the score, With that
ff
poco a poco cresc.
ff
mf
poco a poco dim. e rit.
ruf - fian - ly bore, Tho' the in - sult was on - ly a kiss.
p
poco a poco dim. e rit.
ruf - fian - ly bore, Tho' the in - sult was on - ly a kiss.
p
poco a poco dim. e rit.

No. 7. The Soldiery.

Lyric by
RICHARD CARLE.

Sally and Female Chorus.

Music by
H. L. HEARTZ.

Tempo di marcia.

Piano.

f *sf*

f

Since I was quite a lit - tle girl I've loved the mil - i -
They greet the noise of bat - tle with ex - pres - sions of de -

mf

taire, There's some - thing in their pres - ence so com -
light, Their brav - er - y and val - or is un -

mand - ing; Each sol - dier is pos - sess - or of a
bound - ed; Not one of them is hap - py till he's

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most dis - tin - guished air, And — yet they all are jol - ly not - with -
or - dered out to fight, When the trump-et call to arms is clear-ly

stand - ing. I'm ver - y fond of hear - ing them Re -
sound - ed. Tho' their ap - pear - ance is so grim When

marcato.

late their tales of war, In fan - cy I can hear the can - non's
fight - ing for their land, Un - to the gen - tler sex they're al - ways

rat - tle; I lis - ten to them spell - bound, I'm com -
ten - der; Each one is na - ture's no - ble - man And —

plete - ly filled with awe At their ac - counts of death and woe in
when his sword's in hand The flag is ne'er in need of a de -

CHORUS.

ff

bat - - tle. Tan - ta - ra, Tan - ta - ra, Tan - ta - ra, Tan - ta - ra! Tan - ta -
fend - - er.

f

SALLY. Tan - ta - ra! Tan - ta -

ra, Tan - ta - ra, Tan - ta - ra! CHORUS. Tan - ta - ra!

ra! Tan - ta - ra!

Tan - ta - ra! Tan - ta - ra - ra - ra - ra - ra - ra - ra - ra!

marcato.

Tempo di marcia.

1st time Solo 2d time ALL.

Sol - diers all have for me de - cid - ed charm,
her

ff

Flirt - ing with two or three in - volves no harm;

Tho' I'm told by old-er heads, they're fick - le as can be Still I love all the
she's she loves

mem-bers of the sol - dier - y. sol - dier - y.

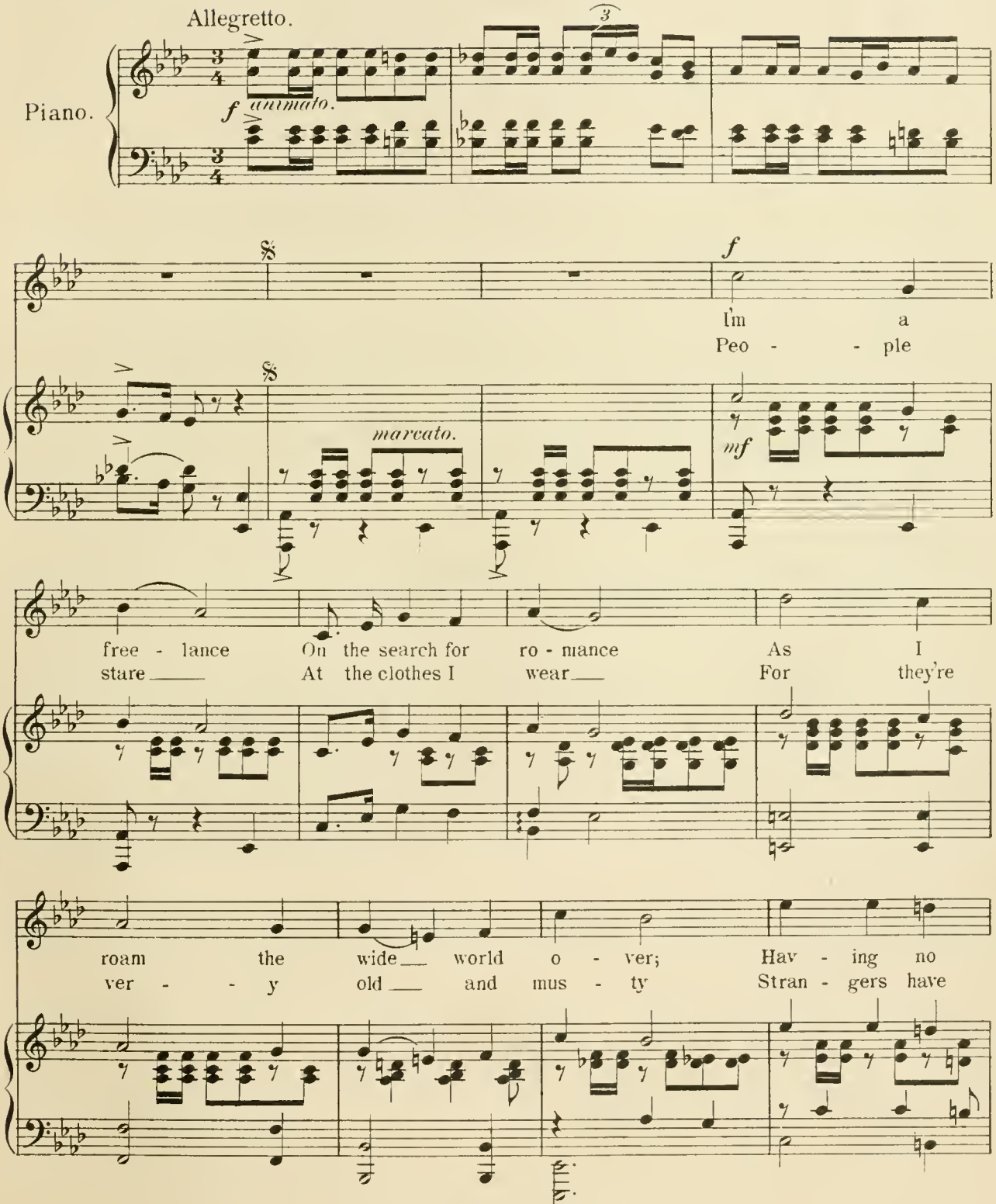
ff

№ 8. A Soldier of Fortune.

Paul.

Lyric by
RICHARD CARLE.

Music by
H. L. HEARTZ.



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wealth Save a vig-'rous health, All my
roared At my stur-dy sword For 'tis

dim.

life I've been a rov-er.
just a tri-fle rus-ty.

dim. *f*

mf

On pure air very oft have I fed,
Both of these gifts from my grand fa-ther came,

p

Slept in the fields with the earth as my bed:
Left me his val-or as well as his name;

f

Star - light - ed can - o - pies o - ver my head And
Cow - ard - ly cads who'd in - sult a fair dame Will

mf

still I am al - ways in clo - - - ver. For
find that my blade's good though rus - - - ty For

rit.

rit.

Tempo di Valse.

p *poco* *cresc.* *mf* *cresc.*

I am a sol - dier of for - - tune, I am a crea - ture of

pp *poco* *cresc.* *mp* *cresc.*

chance; Kings I'd de - fy for you, will - ing - ly die for you,

f

mf

f

Just for the love of ro - - mance. Tho' I've no rich - es or

mf

cresc.

sta - - tion, No roof but heav'ns blue sky,

cresc.

ff *marcato e rit. molto.* *sf* *a tempo.*

Through-out this glo - ri - ous na - - tion There's no one so hap - py as

f *marcato e rit. molto.* *a tempo.*

I!

ff *Presto.* *sff* *sff* *D.S.*

No 9. Finale I.

Lyric by
RICHARD CARLE.

Music by
H. L. HEARTZ.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

f

f MARION.

poco a poco cresc.

Bells, bells, mer-ry wed-ding bells, What a po-tent mys-ter-y their

l. h.

mf r. h.

glad-some ring fore-tells! Bells, bells, mer-ry wed-ding bells,

poco rit.

Is it hap-pi-ness or woe their tune-ful mu-sic spells?

poco rit.

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MARION.

poco a poco cresc.

Bells, bells, mer-ry wed-ding bells, What a po-tent mys-ter-y their

SOPRANO & ALTO.

f

Bells, bells, mer-ry wed-ding bells, What a po-tent mys-ter-y their

f TENOR.

Bells, bells, mer - ry bells, What a mys - ter -

f BASS.

f

poco a poco cresc.

ff

glad-some ring fore-tells! Bells, bells, mer-ry wed-ding bells,

glad-some ring fore-tells, fore - Bells! tells! Bells! mer-ry wed-ding bells,

y their glad-some ring fore - tells! Bells! mer - ry bells,

ff

poco a poco cresc. e rit.

Is it hap - pi - ness or woe their mu - sic spells?

Is it hap - pi - ness or woe their tune - ful mu - sic spells?

Is it hap - pi - ness their mu - sic spells?

poco a poco cresc. e rit.

Vivace.

ff PAUL.

My brain is in a flur - ry,

f

My thoughts are in a whirl, A

wed - ding in a hur - ry To this most at - trac - tive

girl, O'er - whelms me with con - tri - tion, With

sor - row and re - gret, But the ob - ject of my

mis - sion I do not dare for - - get!

cresc. *ff*

SOLDIERS.

That is right! Your vow of ven-geance you must not for - get!

Allegro moderato.

JOHN.

Here's the par - son! Get a flash! He's dressed up like a "hoss"!

mf

At a fun' - ral he's a cor - ker! As a spli - cer, he's the boss!

Entrance:- Minister.

f

Vivace.

TUTTI.

Ha! Ha! Ha! What a fun - ny look - ing min - is - ter!

ff

Ha! Ha! Ha! What a fun - ny look - ing man! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Is - n't he a fun - ny look - ing man?

sff

Allegro moderato.

PAUL.

If 'twill ease you And will please you To re - tract your

mf

sol - emn vow, And you'd tar - ry Ere you mar - ry I'll re - lease you

MARION.

from it now. I have reck - oned Ev - 'ry sec - ond

On this ven - geance so com - plete; If to - mor - row

Brings me sor - row I'll take bit - ter with the sweet.

rit.

rit.

Vivace.

BARKER.

Don't keep the par - son wait - ing, He's nerv - ous and de -

pressed; He wants to fin - ish up this job And get it off his

chest.

poco rit.

Allegro moderato.

MARION.

PAUL.

What freak of For-tune has made me a hus - band who must nev - er love his

f

Fate sends a hus-band to me to pro - tect and guide me all thro'

wife! Ah! Yes, my

life! Fate wills that I be your wife all thro' my life!

wife thro' life! My wife all thro' my life!

poco a poco cresc.

Ah! Love, no, I nev-er shall

Cu - pid may in-duce you to love me.

ff

love thee no, I nev - er shall love shall

Love me you may yet learn to love me to

MARION.

love Ne'er shall

PAUL.

love Yet shall

SOPRANO.

Cu - pid is hold-ing your heart in his hand 'Tis he who makes you fall in

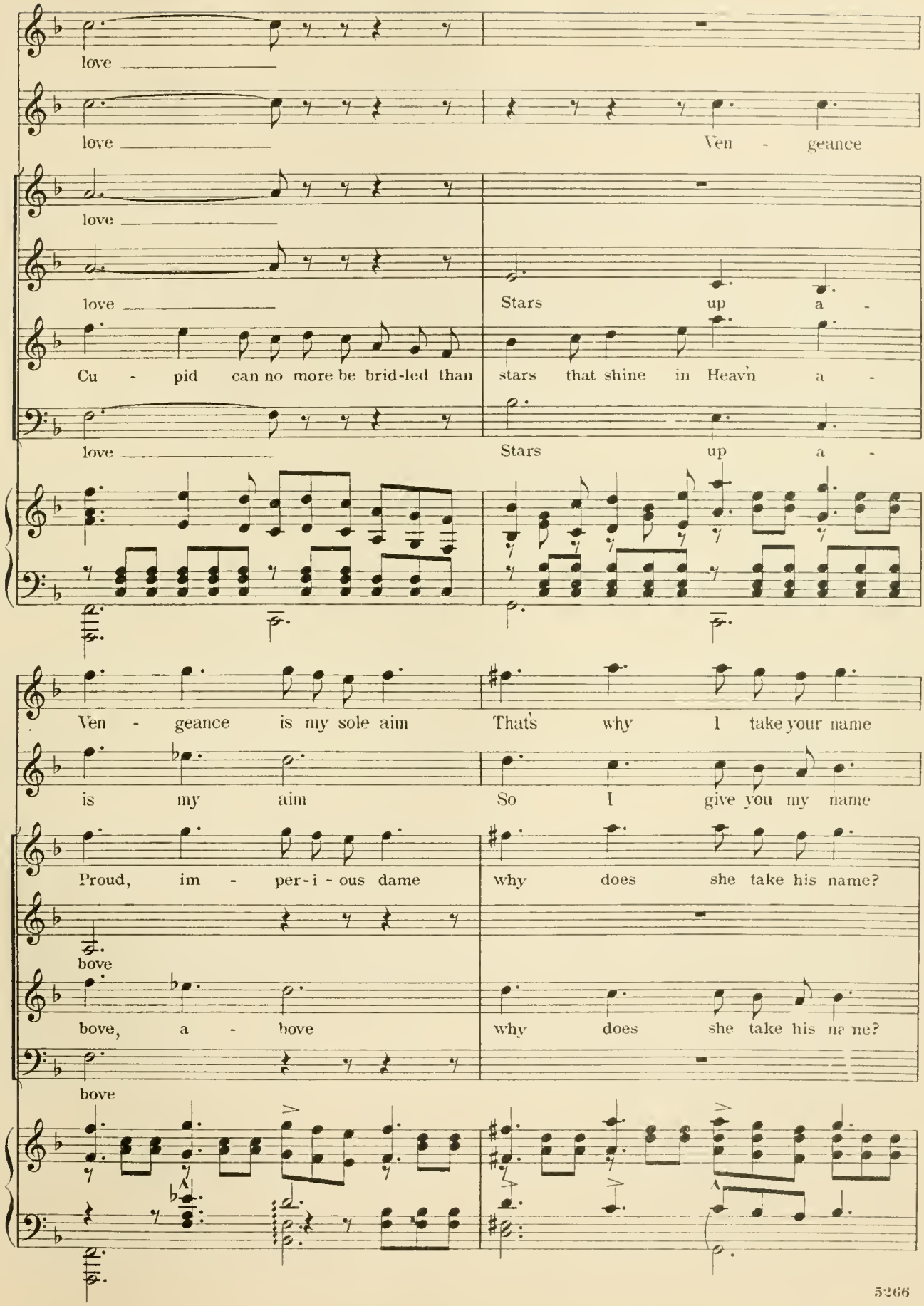
ALTO.

Love nev - - er shall

TENOR.

BASS.

Nev - - er shall


love
love
Ven - geance
love
love
Stars up a -
Cu - pid can no more be brid-led than stars that shine in Heav'n a -
love
Stars up a -
Ven - geance is my sole aim
That's why I take your name
is my aim
So I give you my name
Proud, im - per-i - ous dame
why does she take his name?
bove
bove, a - bove
why does she take his name?
bove

Nay! Nay!

Nay! Nay!

Nay! Ven - geance! She's re-solved up-on

Ven - geance! She's in-tent up-on ven - geance! She's re-solved up-on

Ven - geance! is her sing-u - lar aim!

Ven - - geance!

Nay! Nay!

Nay! Nay!

ven - geance! She has vowed not to love him That she nev - er will

ven - geance! She has vowed not to love him That she nev - er will

Ven - geance is her sing-u - lar game! Love has no place in her

Ven - - geance! Love has no place in her

poco a poco accel.

Ven - geance has con-trol of my

Love has no place in her heart

love He has no place in her heart He ne'er will cap-ture her

love He has no place in her heart He ne'er will cap-ture her

heart has no place in her heart ne'er will cap-ture her

heart has no place in her heart ne'er will cap-ture her

poco a poco accel.

Agitato.

largemente.

heart so Cu - pid's dart shall nev - er pierce my

Cu - pid's dart will not pierce her

heart so Cu - pid's dart shall nev - er pierce her

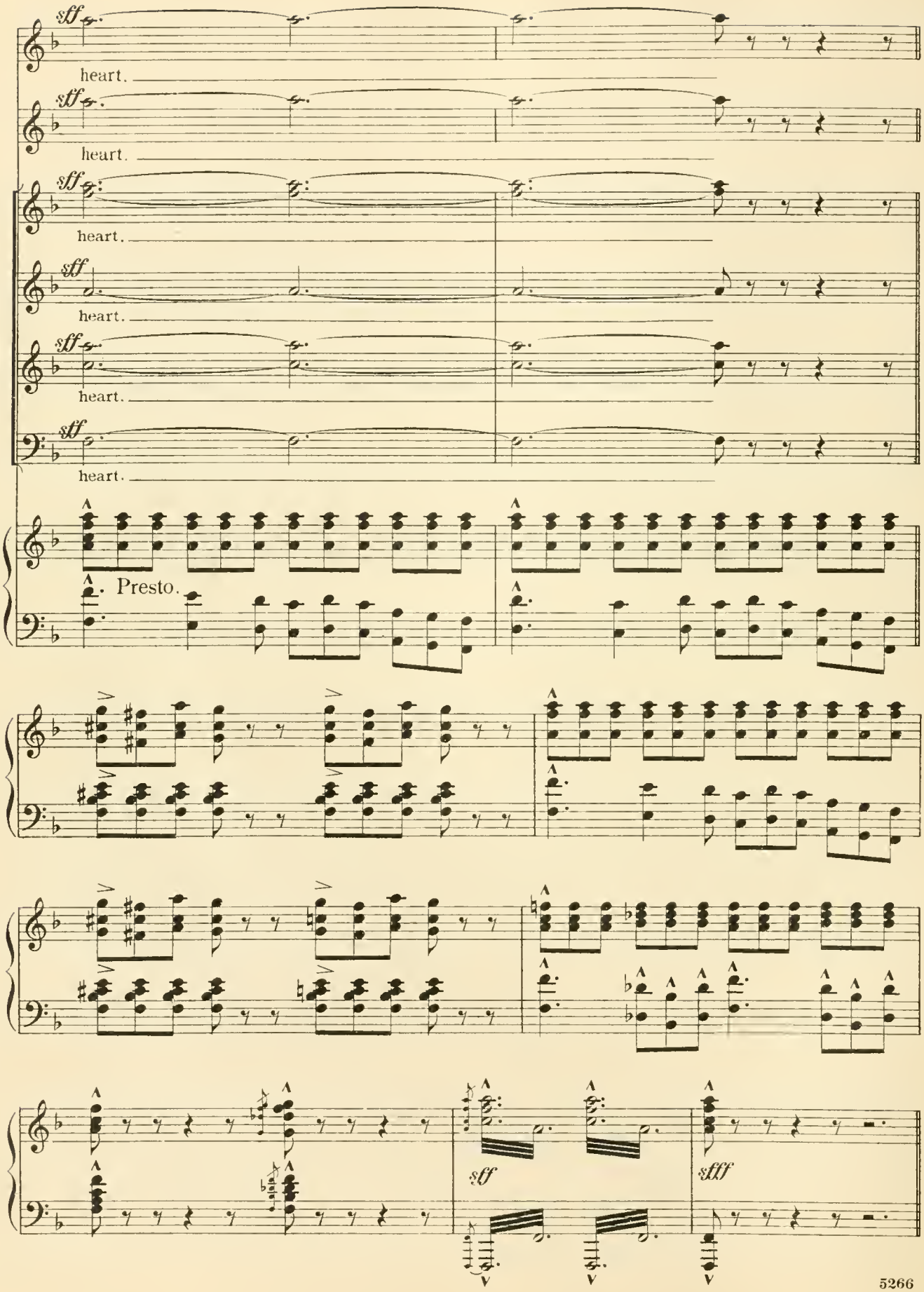
heart Love's dart will not pierce her

heart Love's dart will not pierce her

heart Cu - pid's dart Cu - pid's dart ne'er will pierce her

Agitato.

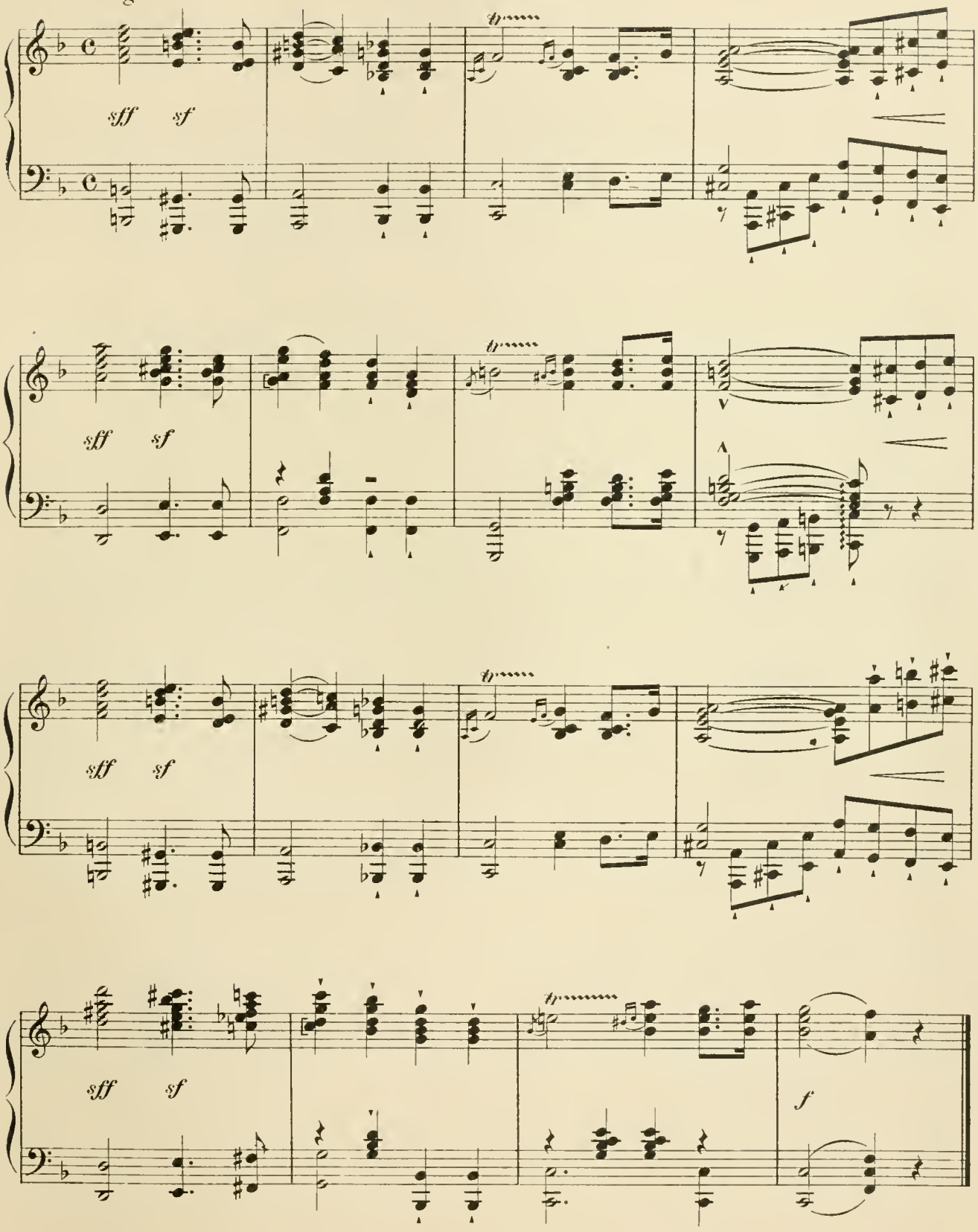
largemente.


sff
heart.
sff
heart.
sff
heart.
sff
heart.
sff
heart.
sff
heart.
Presto.
sff
sfff

Paraphrase of Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

For Orchestra.

Allegro vivace.



ACT II.

№ 10. Opening Chorus.

Lyric by
Richard Carle.

Music by
H. L. Heartz.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

f

poco a poco accel.

cresc.

ff

CHORUS.

SOP. & ALTO.

TEN.

BASS.

ff

Con-grat-u - la-tions are in or - der here to - night!

Con-grat-u - la-tions are in or - der here to - night!

sff *a tempo.*

sf

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Fe - lic - i - ta - tions on a path - way bathed in light!

Fe - lic - i - ta - tions on a path - way bathed in light!

Hap - py bride and bride - groom, A cou - ple to ad - mire; With

Hap - py bride and bride - groom, A cou - ple to ad - mire; With

rug - ged health and plen - ty of wealth, what more could one de - sire?

rug - ged health and plen - ty of wealth, what more could one de - sire?

A gift each one of us has brought the hap - py pair!

sf

Each moth - er's son of us the bride groom's lot would share! A

sf

fu - ture bright and ro - sy They're cer - tain to en - joy; A

fu - ture bright and ro - sy They're cer - tain to en - joy; A

poco a poco

marcato rit.

life of dou - ble bless - ed - ness, Of bliss with - out al - loy!

life of dou - ble bless - ed - ness, Of bliss with - out al - loy!

marcato rit.

sff *sff*

Allegro.

f

cresc.

SALLY.

What a lot of pret - ty things For the hap - py, hap - py bride!

mf

Di - a - monds and fin - ger rings! La - ces bon - a - fide!

Jew - els rare and dress - es gay! Neck - la - ces of pearl!

What a beau - ti - ful dis - play! Luck - y, luck - y girl!

poco *cresc.*

ENTRANCE OFFICERS.

ff

sf *sf* *sf*

Tempo di Schottische.

OFFICERS.

Here's a lit - tle tok - en of our ver - - y warm - est wish - es!

mf

GIRLS.

Real - ly that is sweet of you!

OFFICERS.

Thank you!

GIRLS.

Don't men - tion it!

OFFICERS.

It is but a lit - tle set of dain - ty break - fast dish - es!

GIRLS.

You are ver - y though - ful!

OFFICERS.

Well, we hope it makes a hit! For tho' the

bride did not ap - pear to care for us a bit We

sf *sf*

all ad-mire her spunk - i - ness and grit, And do not cher - ish a - ny

sf *sf*

ill - will what - so - ev - er.

Tempo I.

f *ff*

CHORUS.

Con - grat - u - la - tions are in or - der here to night!

Con - grat - u - la - tions are in or - der here to night!

sf

Fe - lic - i - ta - tions on a path - way bathed in light!

Fe - lic - i - ta - tions on a path - way bathed in light!

Hap - py bride and bride - groom, A cou - ple to ad - mire; With

Hap - py bride and bride - groom, A cou - ple to ad - mire; With

rug - ged health and plen - ty of wealth, What more could one de - sire! A fu - ture

rug - ged health and plen - ty of wealth, What more could one de - sire! A fu - ture

bright and ro - sy They're cer-tain to en-joy; A life of dou-ble bless-ed -

bright and ro - sy They're cer-tain to en-joy; A life of dou-ble bless-ed -

sff *marcato* *sff*

ness! A fu-ture bright and ro-sy They're cer-tain to en-joy; A

ness! A fu-ture bright and ro-sy They're cer-tain to en-joy; A

marcato il basso.

life of dou-ble bless-ed-ness, Of bliss with-out al-loy!

life of dou-ble bless-ed-ness, Of bliss with-out al-loy!

sff *sff* r.h.

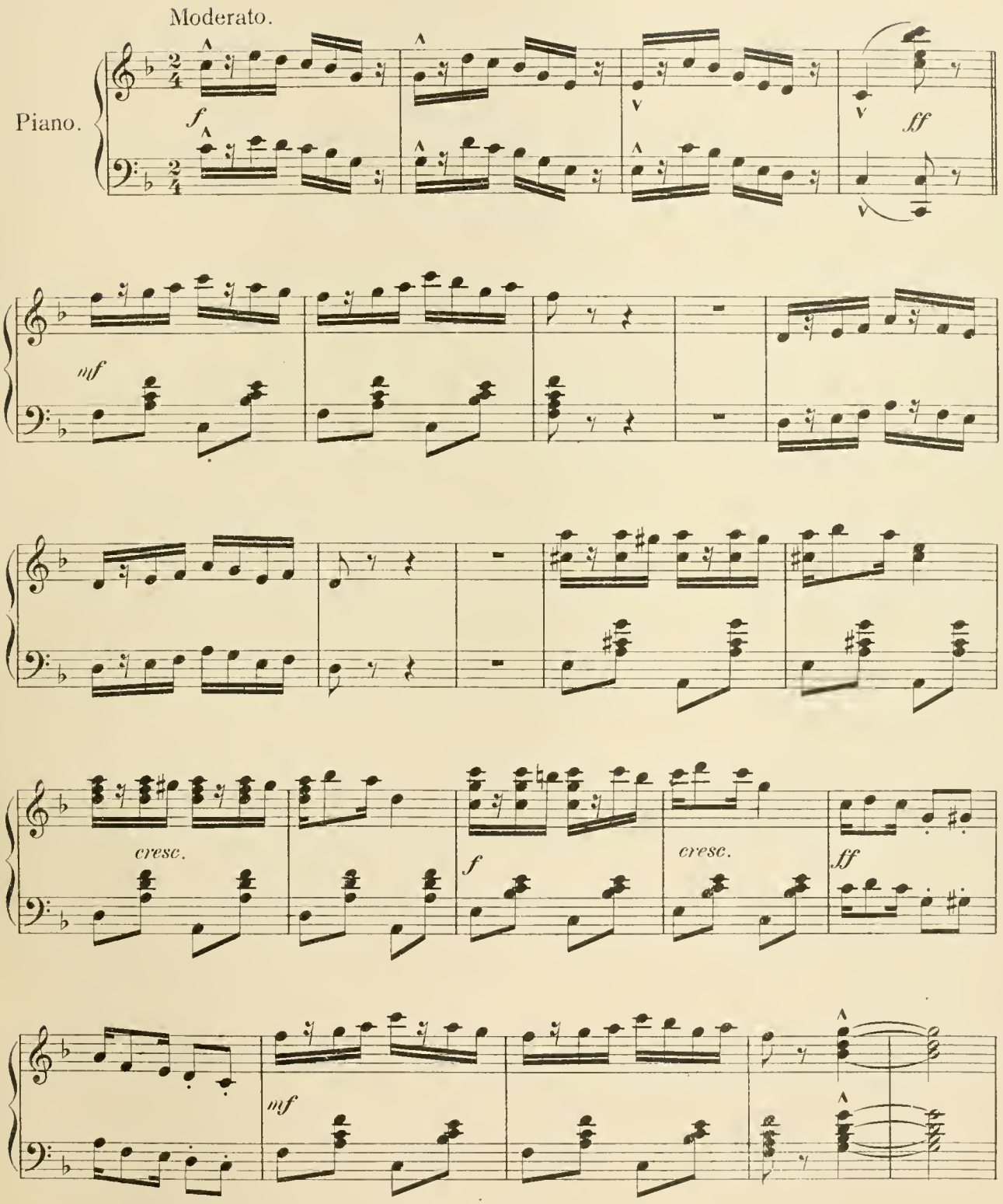
marcato rit.

Dance.

No 11a

Two-Step.

H. L. HEARTZ.



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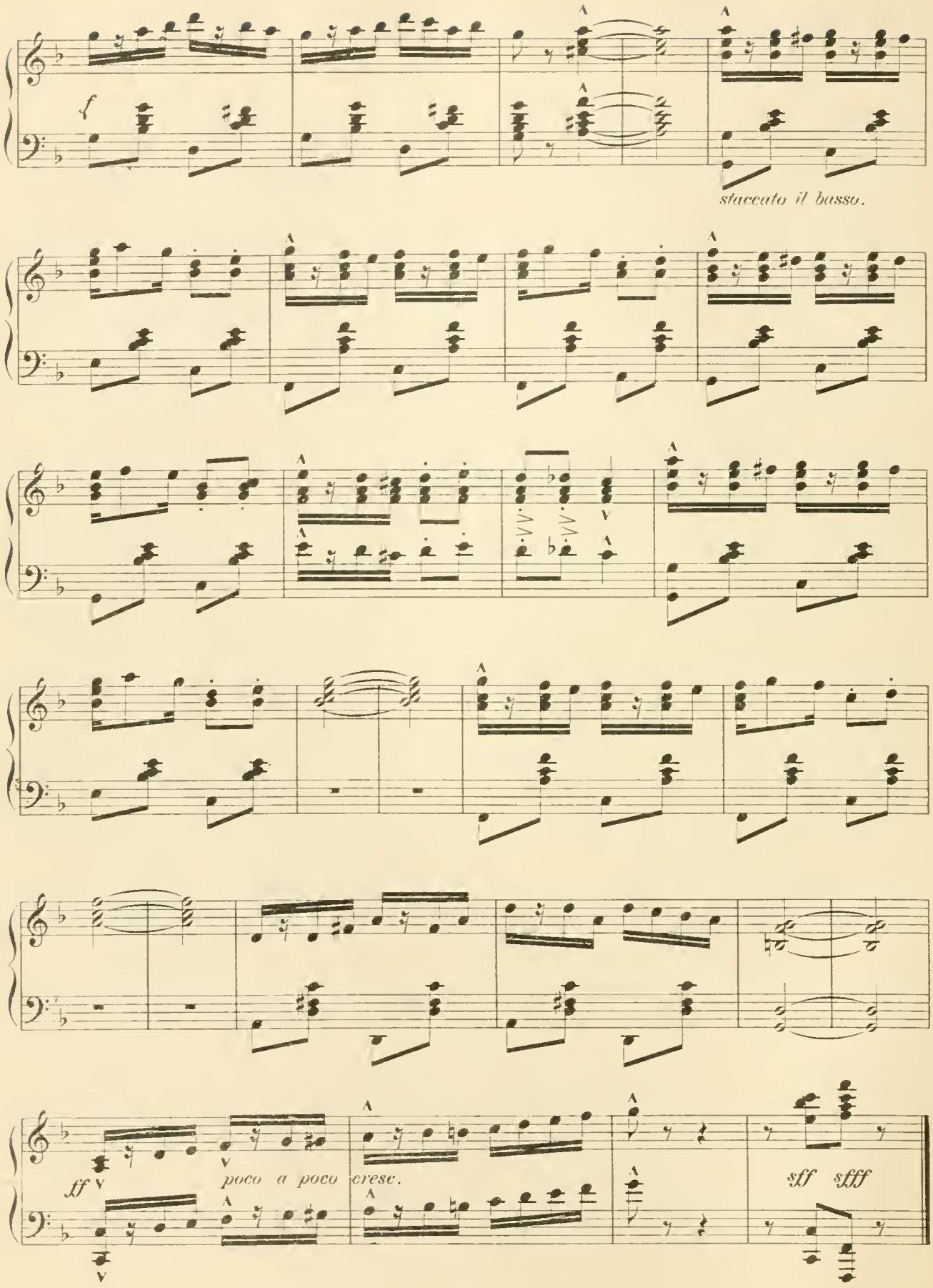
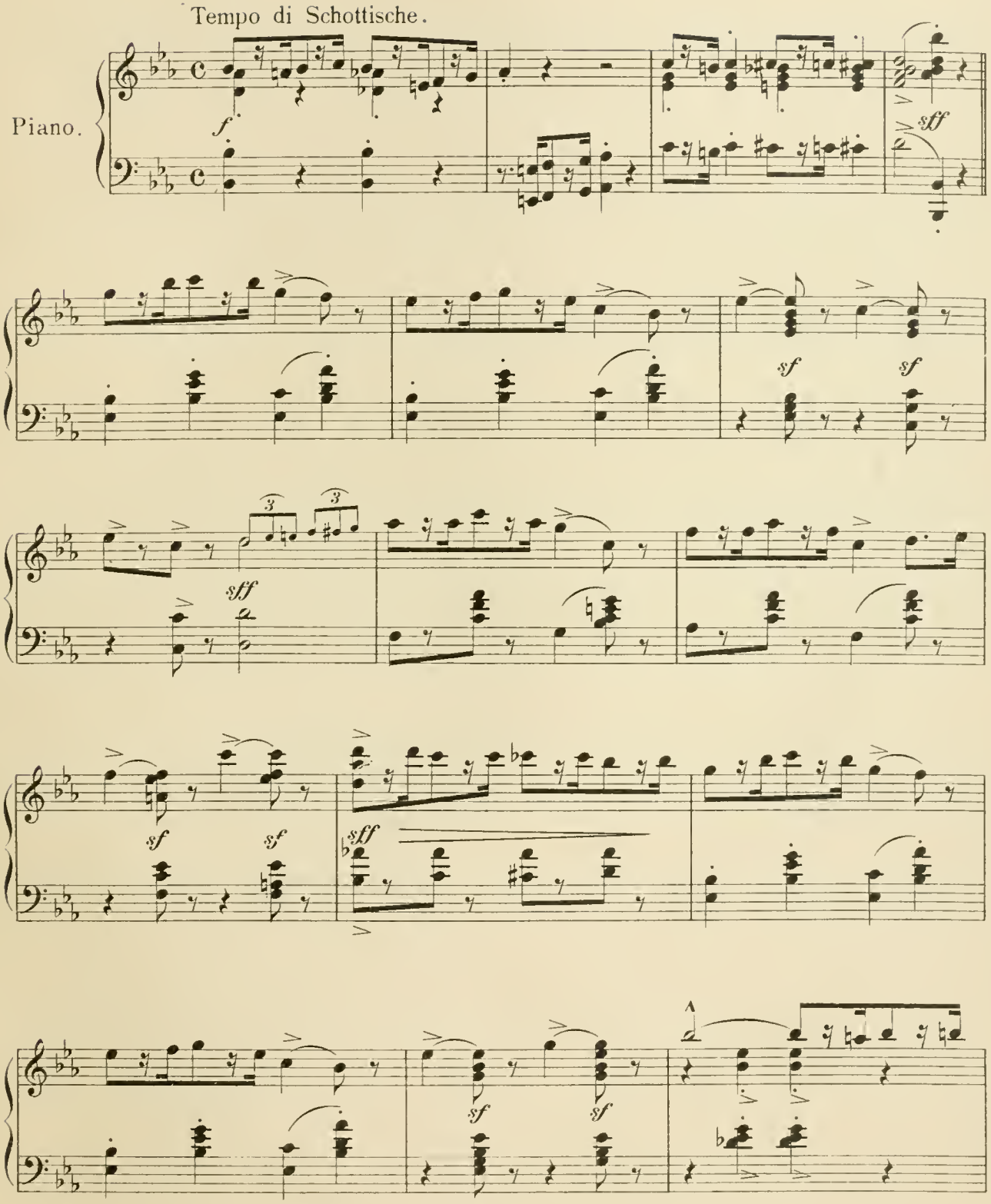

f
staccato il basso.
ff
poco a poco cresc.
sff sfff

№ 11b

Dance.

Schottische.

H. L. HEARTZ.



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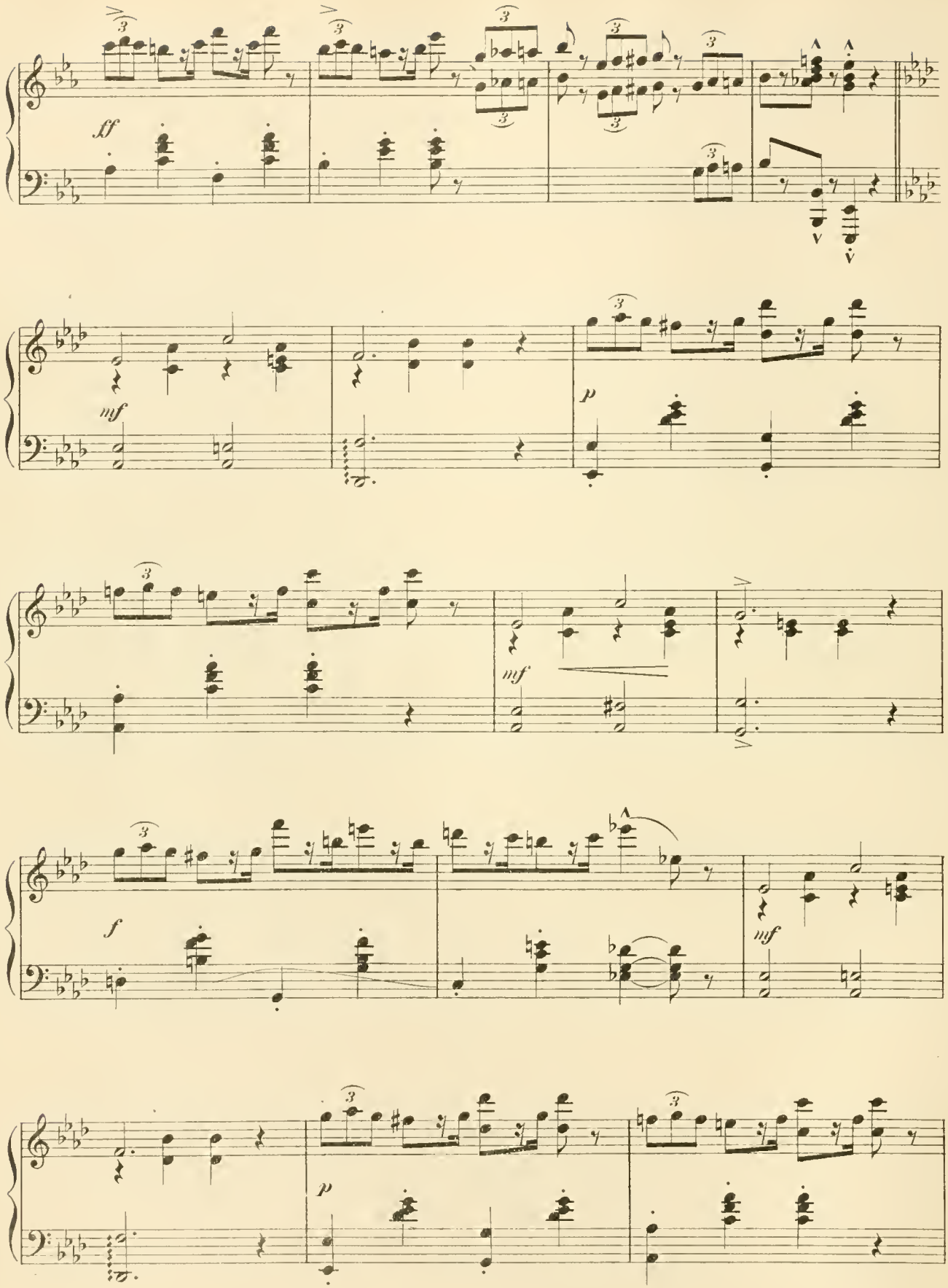
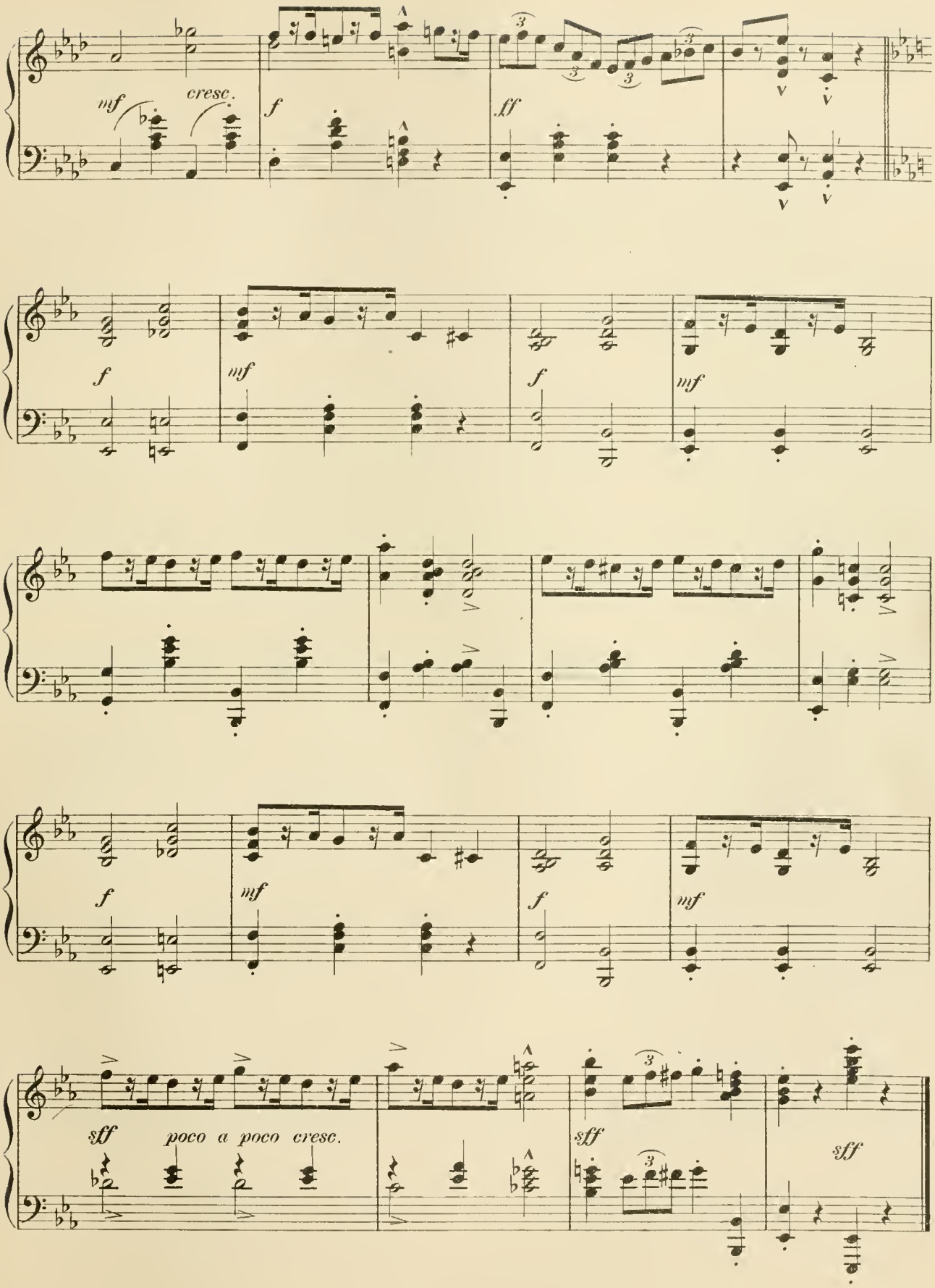

ff
mf
p
mf
f
mf
p


mf
cresc.
f
ff
f
mf
f
mf
f
mf
f
mf
sff
poco a poco cresc.
sff
sff

No 12. Gibson Girls.

Lyric by
RICHARD CARLE.

Music by
H. L. HEARTZ.

Tempo di Gavotte (Moderato.)

Piano.

mf

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Tempo di Gavotte (Moderato.)

Sylph - like, spir - it - u - elle, Grace - ful as a ga - zelle,

p

Here's a typ - i - cal girl you can - not fail to rec - og - nize!

cresc.

Slen - der, wil - low - y, too, Tall and bil - low - y, too,

In - tel - lect - ual fore - head and a pair of dream - y eyes;

cresc.

Shoul - ders that are slop - ing and a waist that's rath - er slim,

Hands and fin - gers shape - ly as can be;

cresc.

f

Dain - ty lit - tle toot - sies and an an - kle neat and trim,

p

Air - y, fair - y "Gib - son Girls" are we!

poco a poco cresc.

Refrain.

Ev' - ry - thing we see ap - pears to bore us! In -

clud - ing all the chap - pies who a - dore us!

Tho' they strug - gle and they try To at - tract our laz - y eye Their

earn - est ef - forts on - ly seem to bore us!

Dance.

p

Air - y fair - y "Gib - son Girls" are we.

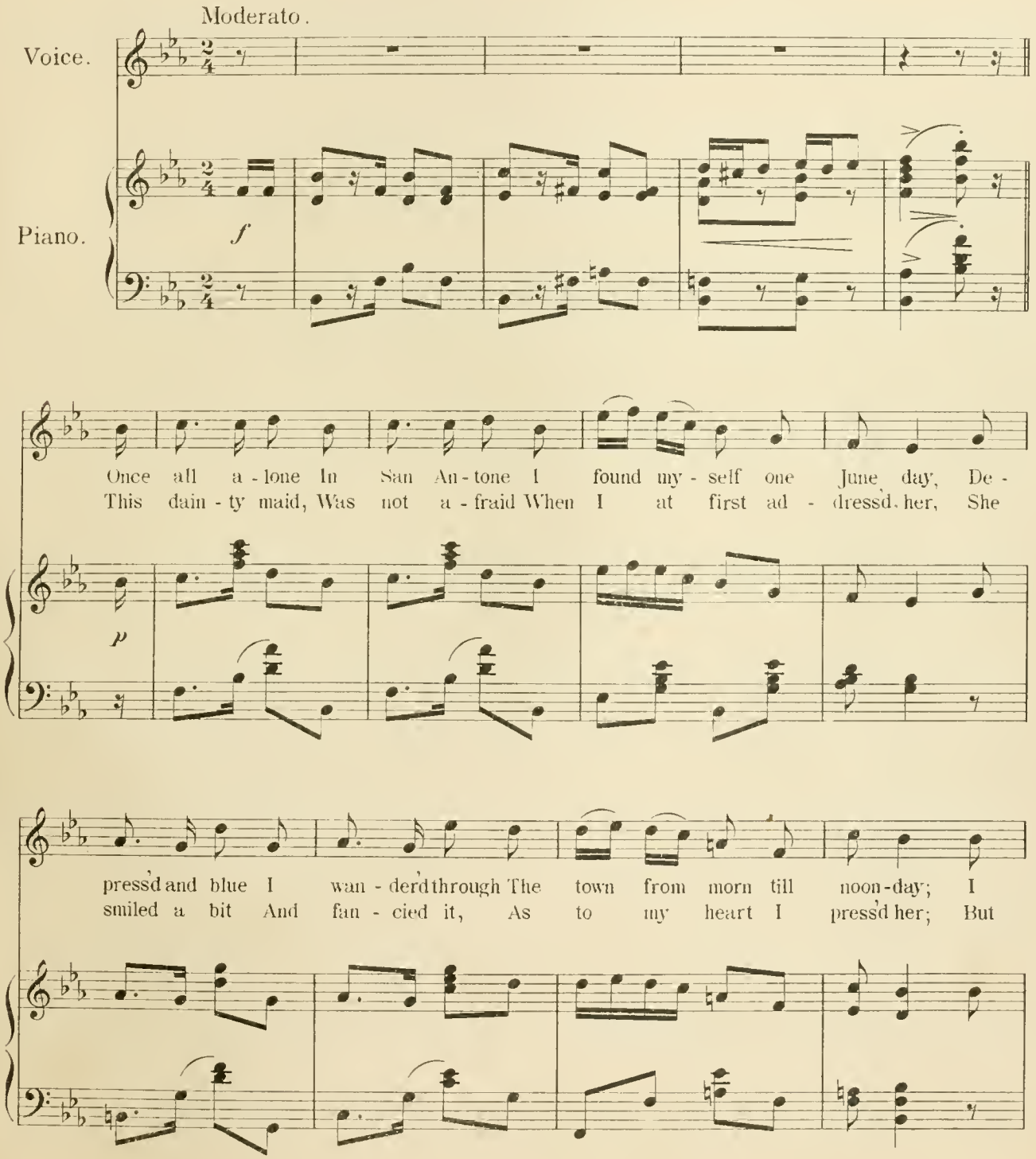
My Alamo Love.

№ 13.

Professor and Chorus.

Lyric by
RICHARD CARLE.

Music by
H. L. HEARTZ.



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chanced to go To the Al - a - mo, And fell in love at sight, With a
when I said "Come let us wed" She coy - ly cooed "Not I" And___

rit.

sen - or - i - ta named Pe - pi - ta, Vis - ion of de - light! I
tho' she threw me down, 'tis true, I'll love her till I die!

rit.

Refrain.

a tempo.

met my love in the Al - a - mo, When the moon was on the

a tempo.

rise, Her___ pres - ence quite be___ dimm'd its light So___

ra - di - ant were her eyes! No star in Heav - en's

firm - a - ment Can her bright smile out - shine, There's

no one like that Al - a - mo love of mine!

f

Chorus.

I met my love in the Al - a - mo When the moon was on the rise, Her

f

SOPRANO & ALTO.

pres - ence quite be - dimm'd its light So— ra-di-ant were her eyes! No

TENOR.

pres - ence quite be - dimm'd its light So ra-di-ant were her eyes! Her eyes! No

BASS.

eyes! No

star in Heav-en's firm-a-ment Can— her bright smile out - shine, There's

star — Can her bright smile out - shine, There's

star in Heav-en's firm-a-ment Can her bright smile out - shine, There's

marcato.

no one like that Al - a - mo love of mine!

no one like that Al - a - mo love of mine!

no one like that Al - a - mo love of mine!

marcato.

sff

Adios.

Ballad - Paul.

No 14.

Lyric by
RICHARD CARLE.

Music by
H. L. HEARTZ.

Moderato.

Piano.

f

When first we met you were my i - deal My love sin - cere I gave you, dear. You can - not

My pres - ence seems to bring you sor - row Tho' I'd be slain To save you pain. May hap - pi -

p

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real - ize how I feel To think that
ness be yours to - mor - row When I de -

we can - not a - gree. 'Tis true, per -
part with ach - ing heart. 'Tis best, per -

f

haps, we were not ma - ted How should I
haps, that I should leave you And go a -

p legato.

know? I loved you so. 'Tis bet - ter
way For e'er and aye. Dear heart, I'd

legato. *f*

marcato.

we were sep - a - ra - ted My love and
die be - fore I'd grieve you: Since you re -

marcato.

rit.

I A - las, good - bye!
pel My love, fare - well!

Allegro.

rit.

il basso marcato.

f *pp*

f *pp*

Refrain.
Tempo di Valse, lento.

A - di - os, a - di - os, I leave you now A - las, we have

p

drift-ed a - part! I love you, I love you and will, I

vow, 'Till death claims my bro - ken heart. Of hap-pi-ness now all my

marcato.

rit. e dim. *a tempo.*

fu-ture is shorn And life will be cheerless, de-sert-ed, for - lorn: I leave you while

rit. e dim. *a tempo.*

sf *p* *rit.* *pp*

lov-ing you night and morn A - di - os, my love, a - di - os!

sf *p* *rit.* *pp*

№ 15. The Tortured Thomas Cat.

Lyric by
RICHARD CARLE.

TRIO.
Prof., John and Barker.

Music by
H. L. HEARTZ.

Moderato.

Piano.

mf

PROF.

— List - en to my sto - ry true, 'Tis the
No plain - tive tear did e'er ap - pear On the

p

JOHN & BARKER. PROF.

tale of the tor - tured Tom cat! Tom cat! He
face of the tor - tured Tom cat! Tom cat! The

mf *p*

took a wife, but lived in strife, He wished in - stead he'd tak-en his life, This
neigh-bors wise would scan-dal - ize And won - der how he got— black eyes, This

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JOHN & BARKER. PROF.

poor down - trod - den Tom cat! Tom cat! She
poor brow - beat - en Tom cat! Tom cat! Up -

mf *p*

pest - ered him from morn till night, She nev - er thought of quit - tin', She
on this hus - band, meek and mild, She took de - light in sit - tin', With

hung a - round and yearned for fight And
sport - y fe - lines she ran wild; At

cresc. *f*

aft - er one, Tom was a sight, His eye shed black, his tail shed bite, Poor
cat - nip teas her time be - guiled, While he stayed home to mind their child, Poor

p

TRIO.

hen - pecked Thom - as kit - ten. Me -
hen - pecked Thom - as kit - ten. Me -

r. h.
ff *mf*

PROF.

ow! Me - ow! Me - ow! Yet
ow! Me - ow! Me - ow! At

cresc. *f* *p*

through it all he'd nev - er squall, For fear that he'd en - rage her; He
last, one day, she ran a - way And tho' he was no booz - er, He

stood her blows and all his woes, He suf - fered like a maj - or.
drank milk shakes till he saw snakes, So glad was he to lose her.

poco rit.

Refrain.

This lit - tle fe - line quar - rel Is use - ful you will find, In

p - *f*

teach - ing us a mor - al We all should bear in mind; Though

f

on you folks may tram - ple, With laugh - ter you'll grow fat If you

mf *cresc.* *marcato.*

fol - low the ex - am - ple Of the tor-tured Thom - as cat. cat.

f *dim.* *p* *f* *sff*

№ 16. Finale II.

Lyric by
RICHARD CARLE.

Music by
H. L. HEARTZ.

Allegro agitato.

MARION.

Hus-band! What means this sit - u - a - tion? Ex-plain at once! Ex - plain!

f

PAUL.

I am com-man-der of the Tex - as Ran - gers!

mf

MARION.

You are com-man-der of the Tex - as Ran - gers!

cresc.

SOLDIERS.

He is com-man-der of the Tex - as Ran - gers!

f

MARION.

A - ha! At last I un-der-

sf

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stand! Your cru - el trick is now ap - par - ent!

Moderato.

JOHN.

But al - low me to say In the kind - liest way There's no one to blame but

pp

you, dear; You would - n't be nice but ig - nored my ad - vice, So

GIRLS.

now there is noth - ing to do, dear. No, no, there is noth - ing to do, dear!

mf

PAUL.

Hum-bly now I beg for - give-ness, For the cru - el trick I've played;

p *cresc.*

Tru - ly I am more than sor - ry, For I love you, pre - cious maid!

rit. *f* *rit.*

Allegro agitato.

MARION.

Not a word, Sir! I for - bid you E'er to speak to me a - gain! 'Till I

mf

die I'll ne'er for - give you! I de - spise you and your men! Must we en-

rit. SOLDIERS.

poco a poco cresc. *f* *rit.*

Lento.
BARKER.

dure these in - sults? Be calm! Be calm!

Lento. *rit.*

Allegro.
MARION.

p

Re - venge! What an emp-ty de - lu - sion! Re - venge! What a ter-ri-ble

f

snare! I'm now o - ver-whelmed with con-

poco a poco cresc. *f*

marcato rit. ALL. *ff*

fu - sion! Dis - grace I'm un-a-ble to bear! Her

marcato rit. *a tempo.*

CHORUS.

SOP. & ALTO.

pride has a se-ri-ous tum - ble! A blow that is hard to en-

TEN.

pride has a se-ri-ous tum - ble! A blow that is hard to en-

BASS.

f

dure! She's found that her-self she must hum - ble, That her

rit.

dure! She's found that her-self she must hum - ble, That her

rit.

Moderato.

tem - per must suf - fer a cure.

rit.

tem - per must suf - fer a cure.

Moderato.

rit.

3 3 3

Allegro moderato.

PAUL.

Once a-gain I now im-plore you, Par-don me since I a-dore you;

cresc.

Do not send me from you With a feel-ing of dis-gust!

f *poco* *dim.* *e* *rit.*

Agitato.

MARION.

You have heard my fi-nal an-swer! Nev-er will you have the chance, Sir!

mf *a tempo.* *f*

To a-gain be-lit-tle me And bring me to the dust!

Largamente.

PAUL.

Fare - well, my love! I now de - part! To

mf

death I go! Good - bye, sweet - heart!

pp

pp

Tempo di Marcia.

When the

mf

sf

snow - y white dove of peace is hov - 'ring o'er us Con - tent - ment

reigns up-on the plains When our i-dle-ness and our

in-ac-tiv-i-ty bore us And we are cra- - zy for the

ff

SOLDIERS. PAUL.

fray; Yes, we're ea-ger for the fray! Sud-den-ly our puls-es

marcato. *sff* *p mysterioso.*

beat, Fight-ing bloods at fe-ver heat By an-oth-er cru-el In-dian

cresc. *mf* *cresc.*

il basso marcato.

SOLDIERS. PAUL.

rav - age! Rav - age! Ev - 'ry ran - ger to the front, Ea - ger for the

red - skin hunt, Vow - ing ven - geance on each paint - ed sav - age

ff

(PAUL.) To arms! To arms!

(SOLDIERS.) Ev - 'ry sol - dier here! Nev - er heard of

MALE CHORUS.

sff

fear! We'll con - quer or we'll die!

sff

ff PAUL. 2d. time Chorus.

Then off we go to

SOLDIERS.

mf Rat-a-plan, Rat-a-plan, Rat-a-plan, Rat-a-plan, Rat-a-plan,

f

meet the foe Tho' death be lurk-ing nigh. No

f

Rat-a-plan, Rat a plan. Tho' death be lurk-ing nigh.

marcato.

red - - skin brave His

mf *f*

Rat-a-plan, Rat-a-plan, Rat-a-plan, Rat-a-plan, Rat-a-plan. His

marcato. *sf*

life can hope to save! Thro'

sf

life can hope to save!

marcato. *sf*

day and night

mf

Rat - a - plan, Rat - a - plan, Rat - a - plan, Rat - a -

— to kill at sight Shall

ff

plan, Rat - a - plan. Rat - a - plan, Rat - a - plan. Shall

ev - er be our cry, We're off to meet the

ev - er be our cry, We're off to meet the

ff

en - e - my To con - quer or to

en - e - my To con - quer or to

marcato.

sff die. or to die.

sff die. or to die.

ff *ff* *marcato.* *sff* *R.H.*

End of Act II.

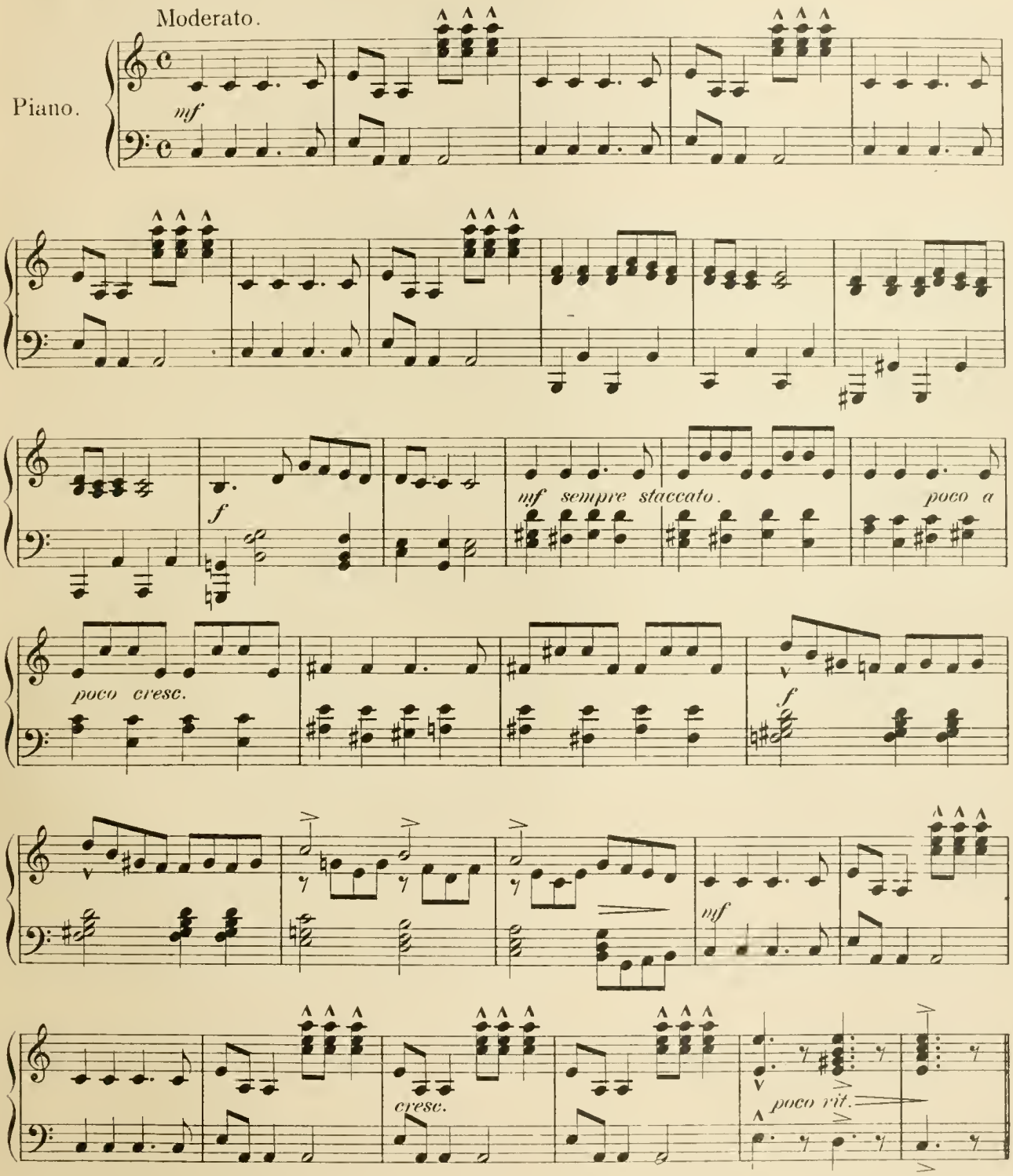
ACT III.

№ 17.

Opening Chorus.

Lyric by
RICHARD CARLE.

Music by
H. L. HEARTZ.



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Mysterioso.

a tempo.

The Red Man now pre-pares him-self for war - fare, In paint and feath-ers starts up - on the

mp a tempo. *sff*

trail; His man - y squaws and wig - wams does he for - swear, And

sal-lies forth to make the white man quail. Our teachings all have been to hate the

marcato.

pale - face, Who stole our lands and start - ed us in strife, We'll

poco a poco cresc.

fol - low in his foot-steps at a snail-pace And nev - er rest un - til we have his

poco a poco cresc.

sff *p*

life! By sub - ter - fuge and cun - ning are our bat - tles won, In

sff *p*

poco a poco

strat-e - gy we're high - ly trained and wi - ly! In hid - den am-bus-cades our dark-est

poco a poco

cresc. *f* *pp* *rit.*

deeds are done And plans in - vent - ed se - cret - ly and sly - ly: Then

cresc. *f* *pp* *rit.*

mp a tempo.

death to the whites who op - press us, Where -

mp a tempo.

marcato il basso.

f

ev - er there's one to be found; We'll burn and we'll kill, we'll

f

hound him un - til we're gath - ered to the hap - py hunt - ing

mp

ground! Then ven-geance on each hat - ed pale - face Is the

mp

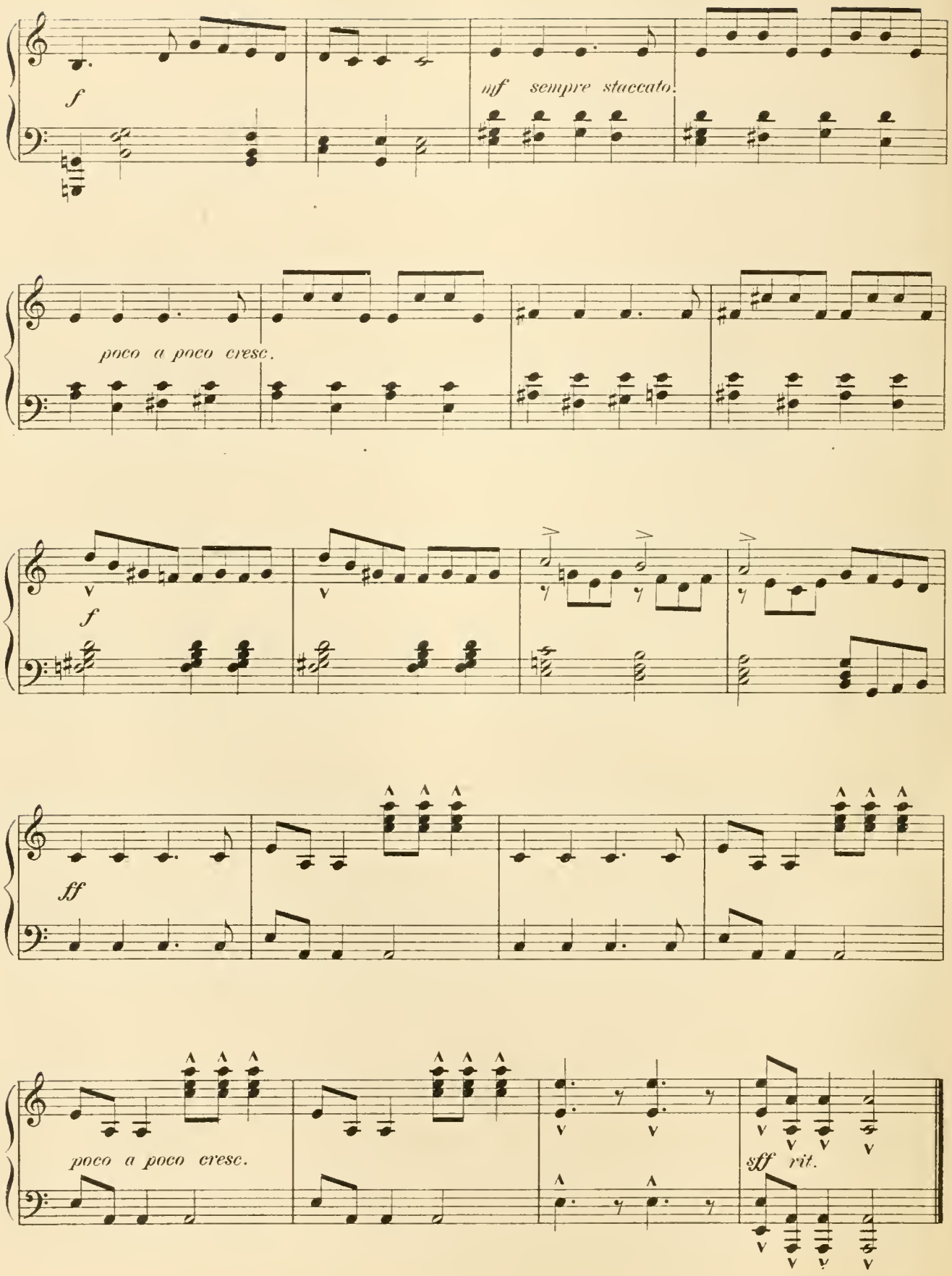
marcato.

vow of ev - ry brave, We'll all fight on 'Till

life is gone And the last Red Man's laid in his grave.

ff *marcato.*

mf Ma - ma - ma - mine ga ga - ga.


f
mf sempre staccato.
poco a poco cresc.
f
ff
poco a poco cresc.
sff rit.

Nº 18.

Fascinating Venus.

Marion and Chorus.

Lyric by
RICHARD CARLE.

Music by
H. L. HEARTZ.

Moderato.

Piano.

mf *dim.* *e rit.*

There's a spark in the dark, of the star - gemm'd sky, That
If you're sad when you've had just a touch of woe, And

mp a tempo.

shines from the eve 'til the morn - ing, And its light is so bright from its
think there is noth - ing to cheer you Let your eye seek the sky and the

5266

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post on high You think that the day is dawn - - ing; The
star's warm glow Will seem like a friend who's near you, With its

orb has a won - drous fas - ci - na - - tion As it
ra - di - ant spark - le it will guide___ you Thro' the

cresc. *molto* *e*

glit - ters all night long, It at - tracts ev - 'ry - bod - y in cre -
watch - es of the night, Tho' your heart be___ dull and joy de -

cresc. *molto* *e*

rit.

a - tion And the whole world sings this song.
nied you, It will fill your soul with light.

rit. *rit.*

REFRAIN.

Andante.

Fas - ci - na - ting Ve - nus Thro' the dusk be - tween us,

pp

Mor - tals you are cheer - ing with your twink - le from a - far;

Won - drous lu - mi - na - ry, may your lus - tre car - ry,

poco a poco cresc. *e rit.* *dim.* *e rit.*

Light and hope for - ev - er, fas - ci - na - ting star!

poco a poco cresc. *e rit.* *dim.* *e rit.* *a tempo.*

(Unaccompanied ad lib.)

CHORUS.

SOP. & ALTO.

Fas-ci-na-ting Ve-nus Thro' the dusk be-tween us Mor-tals you are cheer-ing with your

TEN.

Fas-ci-na-ting Ve-nus Thro' the dusk be-tween us Mor-tals you are cheer-ing with your

BASS.

p

twink-le from a-far; Won-drous lu-mi-na-ry may your lus-tre car-ry

twink-le from a-far; Won-drous lu-mi-na-ry may your lus-tre car-ry

Light and hope for-ever fas-ci-na-ting star. fas-ci-na-ting star.

Light and hope for-ever fas-ci-na-ting star. fas-ci-na-ting star.

1. *D.C.* 2.

poco a poco cres-e dim rit. *D.C.* 8

No 19.

Dancing.

Lyric by
RICHARD CARLE.

Sally, Patsy, Prof., and Barker,

Music by
H. L. HEARTZ.

Animato.

Piano.

f *poco rit.* R. H.

1.(SALLY.) Most ev - 'ry one de - lights to trip the light fan - tas - tic
2.(PATSY.) There's noth - ing like a nim - ble dance to boost your ap - pe -
3.(PROF.) Al - though I am so peace - ful I en - joy a bit of
4.(BARKER.) I dear - ly love the bal - let with its poe - try and its

p a tempo.

toe! (BARKER.) It makes the puls - es fast - er beat as
tite! (PROF.) And now you've got me start - ed I could
fun. (PATSY.) But crack - y how your legs will ache when
grace. (SALLY.) And oft - en - times I've wished to take a

round and round we go! (PATSY.) I'd rath - er eat but
keep it up all night (SALLY.) There's some - thing so be -
all this kick - in's done (BARKER.) The thea - tre is the
bal - let dan - cers place (PROF.) 'Tis fun - ny but I've

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next to that I like a lit - tle spiel! (PROF.) Well
witch - ing in a dance by light of moon (BARKER.) Par -
place to go if you'd take in the sights (SALLY.) 'Tis
nev - er longed to join the bal - let yet (PATSY.) If

8

se - cret - ly I must con - fess I like to shake my
tic - u - lar - ly when it's ex - e - cu - ted by a
there you'll see the bal - let with its tin - sel and its
I had my way I'd pre - fer to be a mar - i - o -

8

heel! I'll nev - er rest a - gain un - til I
coon Their rag - time is n't one two three The
tights The pre - mi - ere so coy - ly flirts In
nette They're just as squirm - y as a snake As

8

dance an old Ver - mont qua - drille!
south - ern ess - - ence goes for me.
her mos - qui - - to net - - ting skirts.
on a piece of wire they shake.

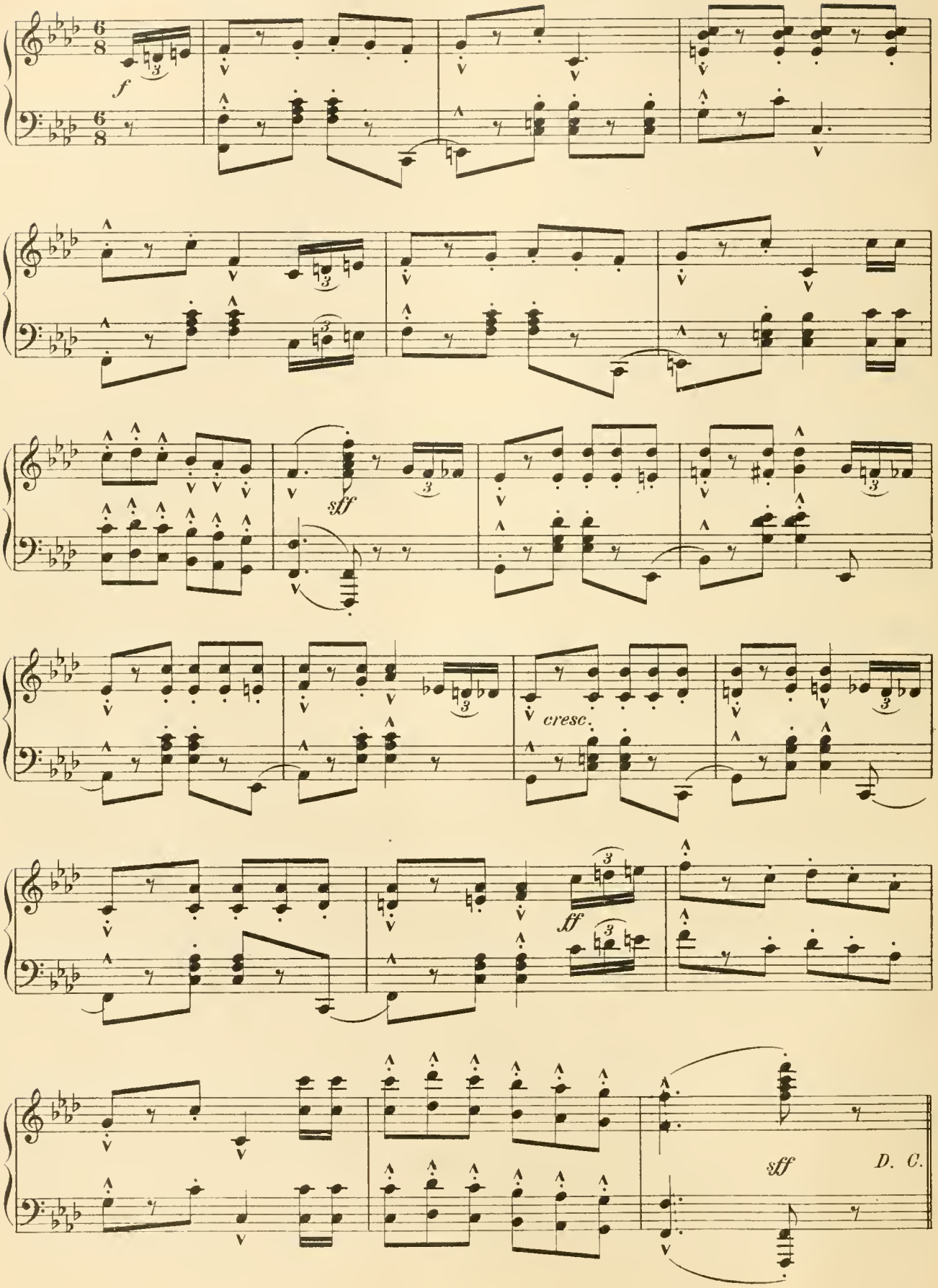
poco rit.

Allegro. Dance after 1st Verse.

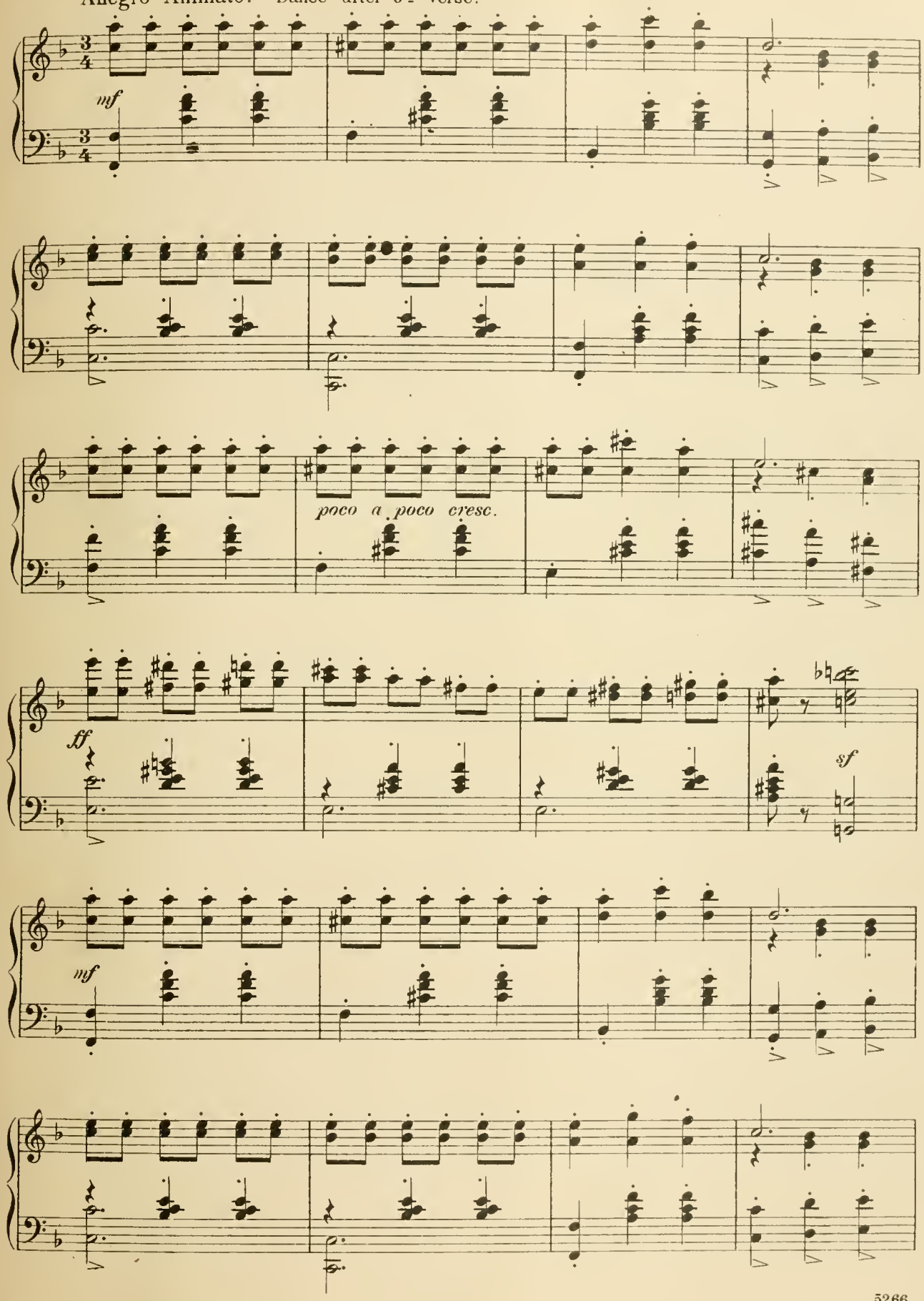
f *sempre staccato.*

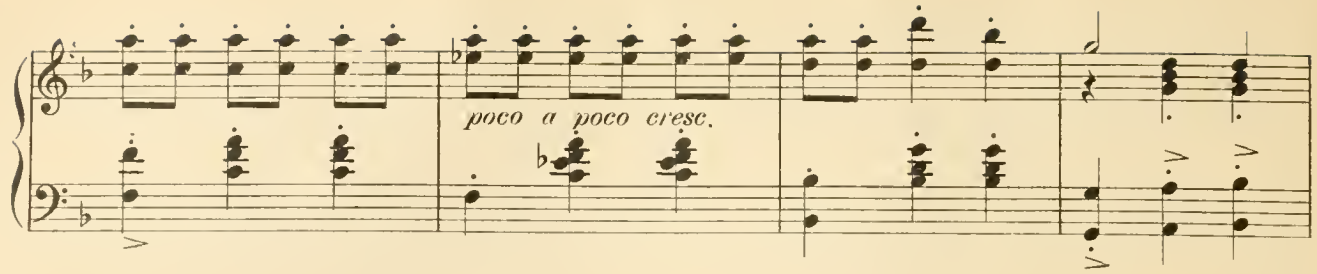
D. C.

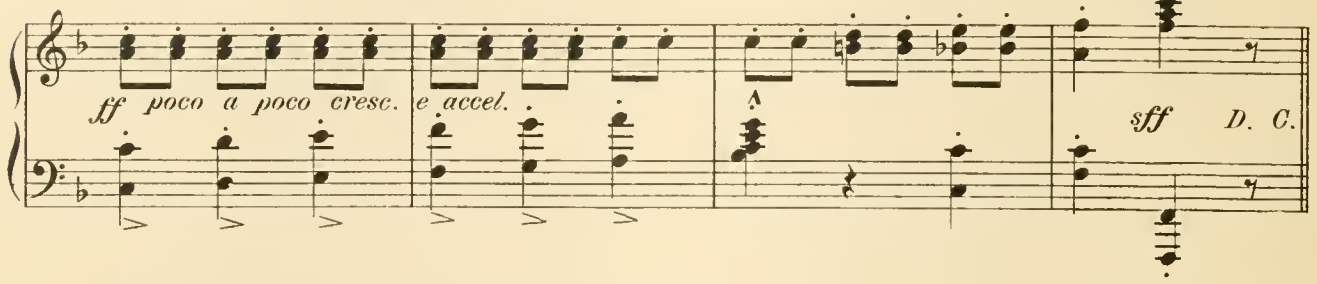
Andante Moderato. Dance after 2nd Verse.



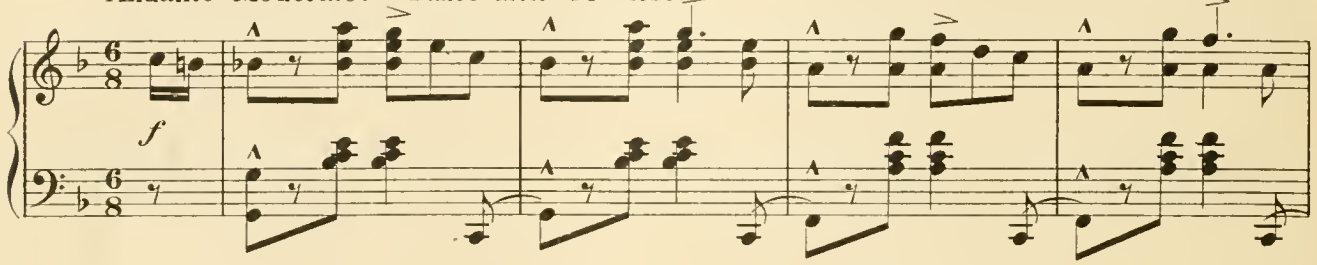
Allegro Animato. Dance after 3rd Verse.

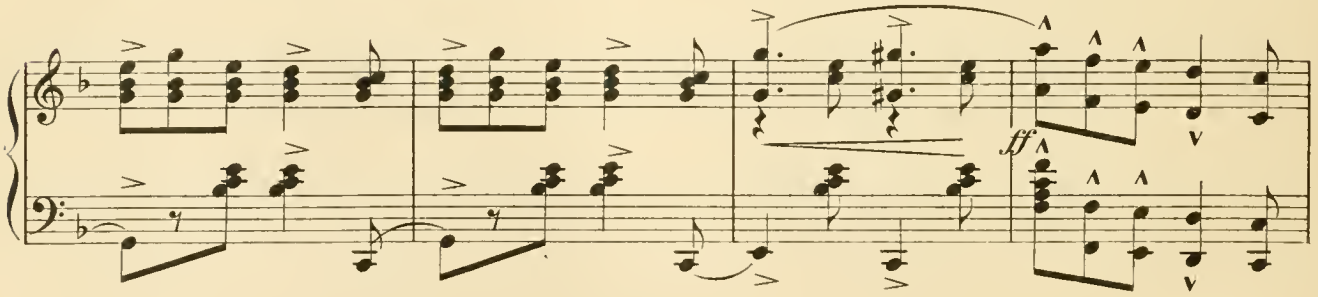


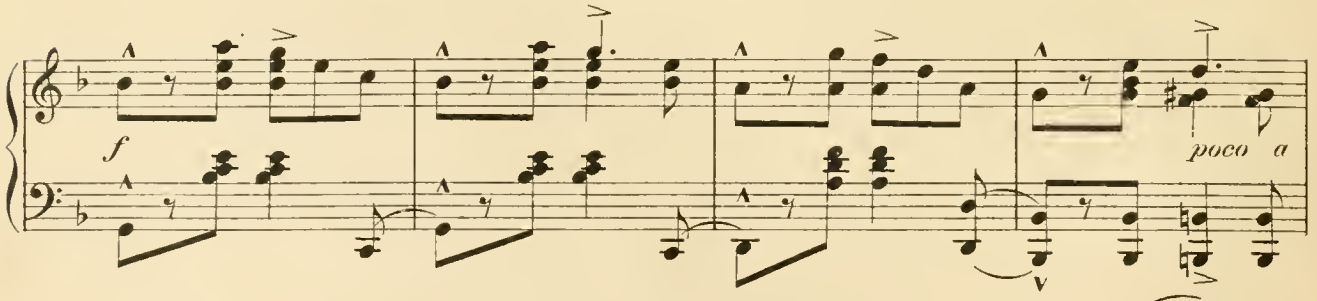


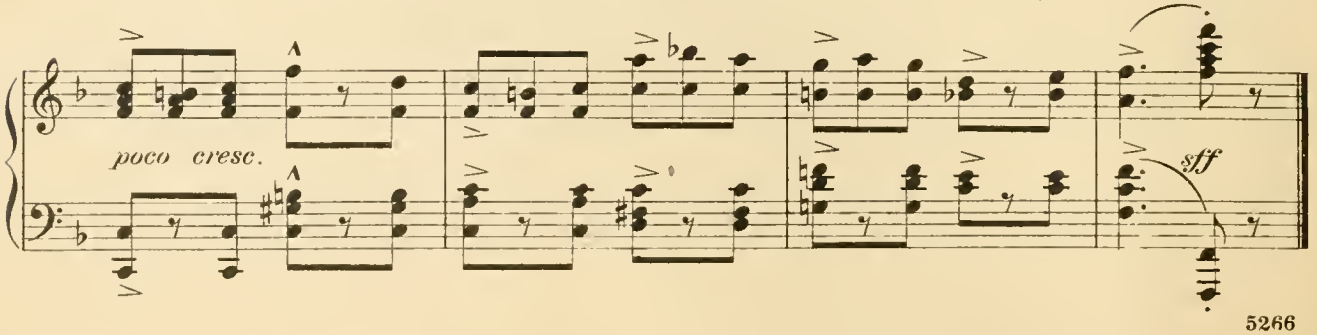


Andante Moderato. Dance after 4th Verse.









№ 20. Finale III.

Lyric by
RICHARD CARLE.

Music by
H. L. HEARTZ.

Valse moderato.

Piano.

ff

PROFESSOR.

I'm a peace-a-ble par -- ty! Health and ap-pe-tite heart -

mf

y! Cho-sen by broth-ers And vo-ted by moth-ers An ex-cel-lent

chap. - er - one; Harm-less as a mos-qui -

mf

to! Gid - dy do - ings I ve - - to! Mod - el of

dig - ni - ty, Soul of be - nig - ni - ty, Zach - a - ry Pet - ti -

Tempo di marcia.

PAUL.

To arms! To arms!

bone. SOLDIERS. Ev - ry sol - dier here! Nev - er heard of

f *cresc.*

To arms!

ALL.

fear! We'll con - quer or we'll die! Then

off we go to

SOLDIERS.

mf

Rat - a - plan, Rat - a - plan, Rat - a - plan, Rat - a - plan, Rat - a - plan,

ff

meet the foe Tho' death be lurk - ing nigh. No

f

Rat - a - plan, Rat - a - plan, Tho' death be lurk - ing nigh.

marcato.

red - - skin brave His

mf

f

Rat - a - plan, Rat - a - plan, Rat - a - plan, Rat - a - plan, Rat - a - plan. His

marcato. *sf*

life can hope to save! Thro'

sf

life can hope to save!

marcato. *sf*

day and night to

mf

Rat - a - plan, Rat - a - plan, Rat - a-plan, Rat - a - plan, Rat - a - plan.

kill at sight Shall ev - er be our cry, We're

ff

Rat - a - plan, Rat - a - plan. Shall ev - er be our cry, We're

off to meet the en - e - my To

off to meet the en - e - my To

ff

con - quer or to die!

con - quer or to die!

marcato.

stringendo.

sfz *sfz* *sffz* *Fine.*

End of Opera.

M.W.A. SONS
SUCCESS IS WORK